

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CUPID SCHOoled.

## I.

WHEN she was as gay as a linnet,  
And I was as fresh as a lark,  
Never a day but some minute  
We met betwixt dawning and dark.

## II.

"Katie, and when shall we marry?"  
"Marry?" she said, with a sigh,—  
"That's cake and ribbons on Monday,  
And sorrow ere Saturday's by.

## III.

"You are as lean as a lizard,  
I am as poor as a mouse;  
Nothing per annum, paid quarterly,  
Hardly finds rent for a house.

## IV.

"Love and a crust in a cottage,  
Capital! just for a pair:  
What if the hut should grow populous?  
How would the populace fare?

## V.

"Oh, ay! the uncle you reckon on,—  
Gouty, and rich, and unwed,—  
Dick! they wait ill, says the adage, who  
Wait for the shoes of the dead.

## VI.

"Ah! if I loved you, I'd risk it!  
That's what you're thinking, I guess:—  
Why, I would risk it to-morrow,  
Dick, if I cared for you less!"

## VII.

"Love's apt to fly out at window  
When Poverty looks in at door:  
Rather I'd die than help banish him,  
Dick, just by keeping you poor.

## VIII.

"Kiss me! you'll look in on Sunday?  
Won't my new bonnet be brave?  
June at its longest and leafiest—  
My! what a ramble we'll have!"

## IX.

"Bye-bye! There's grandmother waiting  
Patient at home for her tea:  
Dick, if you wouldn't wed both of us,  
You must be patient for me!"

## X.

Showers, if they ruffle its foliage,  
Refreshen the green of the grove:  
True lovers' tiffs, said old Terence, are  
Only fresh fuel to love.

## XI.

If I flung off in a passion—  
If she crept in for a cry—  
Sunday came smiling and settled it,  
Katie was wiser than I.

## XII.

Love's but a baby that, passionate,  
Cries to be mated, at birth:  
Time isn't lost if it teaches you  
What a good woman is worth.

## XIII.

What if the waiting was wearisome?

What if the work-days were drear?  
Time, the old thief, couldn't rob us of  
Fifty-two Sundays a year.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,  
From thine own hand;  
The strength to bare it bravely  
Thou wilt command.  
I am too weak for effort,  
So let me rest,  
In hush of sweet submission,  
On thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As proof indeed  
That thou art watching closely  
My truest need;  
That thou, my Good Physician,  
Art working still;  
That all thine own good pleasure  
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!  
What thou dost choose,  
The soul that really loves thee  
Will not refuse.  
It is not for the first time  
I trust to-day!  
For thee my heart hath never  
A trustless "Nay!"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!  
But what beside?  
'Tis no unmingled portion  
Thou dost provide.  
In every hour of faintness,  
My cup runs o'er  
With faithfulness and mercy,  
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As thine own gift,  
And true though tremulous praises  
I now uplift.  
I am too weak to sing them,  
But thou dost hear  
The whisper from the pillow,—  
Thou art so near!

'Tis thy dear hand, O Saviour,  
That presseth sore,  
The hand that bears the nail-prints  
Forevermore,  
And now beneath its shadow,  
Hidden by thee,  
The pressure only tells me  
Thou lovest me!  
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
ARCTIC HEROES, FROM EIREK, OF SCANDINAVIA, TO CAPTAIN NARES.

WE have to speak of a heroism peculiarly honorable and peculiarly British. We do not mean, ungenerously as well as wrongfully, to infer that men of other nations have not engaged in the same long-suffering perilous enterprise we are about to narrate, and with equal heroism in many instances; but that some of the most prominent, most persevering, and most successful of those gallant navigators and explorers have been natives of Great Britain. Battles, sieges, deadly contests of man to man, by land and by sea, are largely and gloriously recorded in our histories,—but a patient and prolonged contest with one of the great elements of physical nature, and at unusual disadvantages, develops a totally different kind of human energy, self-reliance, and resolution. It is not the active valor of a few minutes, of an hour, of a day, or even of a month, that is now in question, but the unswerving will and passive fortitude of body and mind, which are among the rarest and grandest characteristics of any race of men.

In brief story, from earliest date, even before the discovery of the mariner's compass, we have to tell of the almost unaccountable attraction with which the frozen regions of the north pole have possessed the imaginations of sailors. In few words we must narrate of ships locked up in the ice, sometimes of unknown seas, months after months surrounded by darkness, ice, and snows, and remaining in these regions for years; enduring not only the intense cold, but a monotony of scenery around and above, varied only by strange atmospheric phenomena; also the long period of unearthly silence, except in the intervals of bleak winds, the cracking of huge masses of ice, the stealthy creeping or the downward crash of glaciers, the distant growl of bears, or hollow scream of birds; add to these the failure of fuel, the failure of provisions, the failure of game, or the failure of ammunition for shooting — the failure of all things, even of the last hope; but the failure of human fortitude, and the sense of duty and honor, never. In the

imaginary contemplation of these scenes, and the desires and hopes — now quite vague, now clearly defined — which they bred, we read of the anxious thoughts of our King Alfred, of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.; of Edward VI. and Edward VII.; of Francis I. of France; of the Danes, the Italians, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Spaniards; of Peter the Great, and subsequently of the empress Catherine of Russia; and in the reign of our George III., we read, not only of the mental impulse towards the frozen north, but of the personal efforts of the greatest of England's early navigators — need we say Captain Cook? — and of a "middy" and "cox'n," being then a lad, who was destined in after years to become the greatest of naval commanders, — need we say? Horatio Nelson? These men, and all similar men, faced death in any form the great ocean might present to them, feeling — to use the noble words which Sir William Gilbert addressed to his crew in a storm off Newfoundland — that they were "as near to Heaven by sea as by land!"

That the Scandinavians were the first navigators who penetrated into the polar regions seems pretty clear, and not only their *sagas*, but various records, as well as substantial evidences, prove that they discovered Iceland (which they called *Snowland*) and Greenland. With regard to the latter, the Norwegian chief Eirek, on seeing the two lofty mountains on the coast, now called Herjolf's Ness, named one of them *Huitserken* (or whiteshirt), and the other *Blaaserken* (or blueshirt), the former being covered with snow, and the latter with ice. And this was as far back as A.D. 982. Eirek then sailed on a voyage of discovery northward during three years. Of the nautical skill, instinct, and daring of the Scandinavian sea-kings, nearly a thousand years ago, we can believe almost anything; but to what extent Eirek and others penetrated into the polar regions will never be known. If any records should ever be discovered, they will not be likely to have any better authenticity than belongs to ancient Icelandic and other poetical legends and ballads.

No adequate space can here be afforded

even for the most concise account of all the authentic and well-recorded Arctic expeditions of modern times. And this will at once become apparent when we state that, dating from the first polar voyages of John Cabot — with his sons Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanchias, — in 1496, down to the voyages of M'Clintock and M'Clure, in our own day, no fewer than one hundred and thirty different expeditions have sailed from various countries, illustrated by two hundred and fifty books, with prints, maps, plans, documents, etc. And of these full one-half may claim the honor of belonging to Great Britain. Some notice of the most prominent men, and most important facts, together with some remarks on the great value of these discoveries, must therefore be all that can be given in the present paper.

In 1380 a Venetian merchant (Nicolo Zeno), and in 1431 another Venetian (Pietro Quirino), undertook voyages of discovery in the northern seas; but both of them having been wrecked off the coasts of Flanders and of Norway, no further mention of their attempts need be made. But in 1496, John Cabot, a third Venetian, also a merchant, residing in Bristol, obtained an audience with the king (Henry VII.), before whom he submitted his charts, plans, and what he bravely and, as it turned out, wisely called his "demonstrations." Inspired by the voyages made by Columbus, the British people, as well as the king, were alive to all such expeditions, and his majesty at once granted John Cabot, and his three sons, a royal patent, authorizing them "to sail under the flag of England, with five ships, of whatever burthen and strength in mariners they might choose to employ." What follows will strike the reader of the present day as both royally cool and amusing, — "to subdue, occupy, and possess all such towns, cities, castles, and isles, as they might discover, as the lieutenants of the king." This primitive method of "colonization" was coupled with the somewhat unreasonable stipulation that the equipment of the whole undertaking should be "at their own proper cost and charges." There were a few other equally stringent regulations, as may be seen in Rymer's

"*Fædera Angliae*," and also in Hakluyt's "Collection," III. 25, 26. Owing to the difficulty, in all probability, of raising the requisite funds from private resources, a twelvemonth elapsed before the expedition left England.

John Cabot sailed in the spring of 1497, and it really does appear that he discovered the northern part of America some months before Columbus discovered, as a positive certainty, the southern coast; in other words, that John Cabot was the first who discovered America. The account of the discovery was written in Latin on a map drawn by Sebastian, of which the following is a translation: "In the yeare of our Lord 1497, John Cabot, a Venetian, and his sonne Sebastian (with an English fleet set out from Bristol) discovered that land which no man before that time had attempted, on the 24th of June, about five of the clocke, early in the morning. That island which lyeth out before the land [mainland] he called the Island of St. John, upon this occasion, as I thinke because it was discovered upon the day of St. John the Baptist. The inhabitants of this island wore beasts' skinnes, and have them in as great estimation as we have our finest garment. In their warres they use bowes, arrowes, spears, darts, wooden clubs, and slings. The soil is barren in some places, and yeldeth little fruit, but it is full of white bears, and stagges far greater than ours. It yeldeth plenty of fish, and those very great, as seales, and those which we commonly call *salmons*; there are *soles* also, above a yard in length [!], but especially there is great abundance of that kind of fish which the savages call *baccalaos*. In the same island also, they breed hauks, but they are so black that they are very like to ravens, as also their partridges and eagles, which are in like sort blacke."

For the discovery of this hitherto unknown land, viz., a part of the North American continent, the king ordered a reward to be given to John Cabot on his return, which, even allowing for the difference of value in money, must appear to us anything but munificent. In the expenses of the royal privy purse of Henry VII. the following entry may be found: —

10th August 1497.—To him that found the New Isle, £10.

The author of the "Memoir of Cabot" insists upon it, and in a great measure proves, that John and Sebastian Cabot discovered the American continent "*fourteen months before Columbus beheld it.*" In the records of the Rolls' Chapel, after lying in darkness amidst a heap of all sorts of papers, the author of the "Biographical Memoir of Cabot" raked out the following very interesting, and, to all appearance, confirmatory petition to King Henry VII. for permission to make a second voyage to the same land:—

To the Kinge.

Please it your Highnesse of your most noble and habundaunt grace to grant to John Kabotto, Venecian, your gracious Lettres Patent in due forme to be made according to the tenor hereafter ensuing, and he shall continually praye &c.

H. R.

Rex

To all men to whom theis Presenteis shall come send Gretyng: Knowe ye that We of our Grace especiall, and for dyvers causis us movyng: We Have given and graunten, to our wellbeloved, John Kabotto, Venecian, sufficient auctorite and power, that he may take at his pleasure VI Englishe Shippes &c with their apparail requisite &c and then convey and lede to the Londe and isles of late founde by the seid John in oure name and by oure commandmente, &c.

Whether from the sudden failure of health, or eyesight, or whatever cause which is never likely to be known, John Cabot did not sail with this expedition, but deputed his son Sebastian to take command of it. This great navigator appears to have been born in Bristol, and was then only three-and-twenty years of age. He sailed on this second expedition in the summer of 1498. He seems to have directed his course towards the north pole. He believed, as he said, "that if he shoulde saile by way of the *North West*, he shoulde by a shorter tract come into *India*." But after great perseverance in the Arctic regions, being unable to find the passage to India, and his provisions failing, he returned to England at the close of the year. The records of this

voyage and his discoveries are few, and those few occasionally at some variance.

We will now take a succinct and cursory view of the more important Arctic expeditions from the time of John and Sebastian Cabot. Among the two or three hundred books that have been published on this subject, we do not think we can do better than select for especial review or reference "A Narrative of Arctic Discovery," by John J. Shillinglaw, F.R.G.S., published some years ago, concerning which Admiral Washington, hydrographer to the navy, spoke highly; and Admiral Sir Robert McClure—the discoverer of the north-west passage—wrote that it was "a valuable book, containing every requisite information on Arctic expeditions up to that time." We will therefore make a running commentary on Mr. Shillinglaw's "Narrative of Arctic Discovery" down to his details of the measures adopted by her Majesty's government for the relief of Sir John Franklin and his companions. After that we must avail ourselves of other sources of information, from those who so ably carried out the arduous undertaking.

A good many years elapsed after the voyages of John and Sebastian Cabot, and no further attempts were made in the northern regions till Portugal, which was at that time perhaps the greatest maritime power, turned her thoughts towards those frozen shores which have always had a strange attraction for the more daring navigators of the globe. Gaspar Corteereal now proposed an expedition to King Emanuel of Portugal, and having obtained the royal permission, he fitted out "two ships, at his own expense," in the year 1500, and sailed from Lisbon, with the intention of completing, if possible, what had been done and attempted by Sebastian Cabot. He safely reached a part of Labrador, and explored the coast for more than six hundred miles.

"We derive," says Mr. Shillinglaw, "a remarkably clear and minute account of this expedition from a letter, dated 19th October, 1501, written by Pietro Pasquiggi, the Venetian ambassador at the court of Portugal, to his brothers in Italy, only eleven days after the return of

Cortereal from his northern voyage, a translation of which is subjoined:—

On the 8th of the present month, one of the two caravels which his most Serene Majesty despatched last year on a voyage of discovery to the north, under the command of Gaspar Cortereal, arrived here, and reports the finding of a country distant hence west and northwest two thousand miles, heretofore quite unknown. They proceeded along the coast between six and seven hundred miles without reaching its termination, from which circumstance they conclude it to be of the mainland connected with another region which last year was discovered in the north, but which the caravel could not reach on account of the ice and the vast quantity of snow; and they are confirmed in this belief by the multitude of great rivers they found, which certainly could not proceed from an island. They say that this country is *very populous*, and the dwellings of the inhabitants are constructed with timber of great length and, covered with the skins of fishes. They have brought hither of the inhabitants, seven in all, men, women, and children, and in the other caravel, which is looked for every hour, there are fifty more.

These fifty-seven—men, women, and children—were kidnapped for slaves, as will shortly be stated in direct terms:—

They are of like color, figure, stature, and aspect, and bear the greatest resemblance to the gypsies; are clothed with the skins of different animals, but principally the otter; in summer the hairy side is worn outwards, but in winter the reverse; and these skins are not in any way sewed together or fashioned to the body, but just as they come from the animal are wrapped about the shoulders and arms: the loins are generally enveloped in a covering made of the great sinews of fish.\* From this description they may appear mere savages, yet they are gentle and have a strong sense of shame, and are better made in the arms, legs, and shoulders, than it is possible to describe. They puncture the face, like the Indians, exhibiting six, eight, or even more marks. The language they speak is not understood by any one, though every possible tongue has been tried with them. In this country there is no iron, but they make swords of a kind of stone, and point their arrows with the same material. There has been brought thence a piece of a broken sword, which is gilt, and certainly came from Italy. A boy had in his ears two silver plates, which beyond question, from their appearance, were made at Venice, and this induces me to believe that the country is a continent; for had it been an island, and visited by a vessel, we should have heard of it. They have great plenty of salmon, herring, cod, and similar fish; and an abundance of timber, especially the *fine, well adapted for masts and yards*, and hence his Serene Majesty contemplates deriving great advantage from the country, not only on account of the timber of

which he has occasion, but of the inhabitants, who are admirably calculated for labor, and are the best slaves I have ever seen.\*

The two silver plates which came from Venice, and the remains of the sword from Italy, very clearly show that Sebastian Cabot had landed there, and overthrow, even were there no other proofs, the attempt of Portugal to claim the earliest discovery of this northern part of the American continent. With regard to slaves, a project for making them, not so much from the northern as from the southern regions, a direct article of most lucrative commerce, was now projected, and more than countenanced by his "most Serene Majesty." In 1502 Cortereal sailed with two ships on a second voyage to the Arctic regions. He appears to have entered an unknown strait (probably the one subsequently found by Hudson), where he was separated from his other ship, and "never heard of more." It seems probable that he may have been wrecked on the coast, and if not lost among the breakers, he was pretty certain of being effectually stopped from all future slave-dealings by the relatives of those fifty-seven men, women, and children he had previously stolen. Directly the news of his loss reached Portugal, Michael Cortereal sailed to the same region, in search of his brother. But "somehow" the same fate, or one as good, awaited him; as he never returned, or was heard of again.

The king was so grieved at the loss of these brothers, that he sent out two "armed ships" to search for them; but they returned without any tidings. King Emanuel then abandoned his commercial designs upon the northern people as slaves; and the next voyages of discovery were taken up by Spain, into whose service Sebastian Cabot had entered, in 1512.

Cabot projected another voyage, in 1516, to discover the north-west passage. This was unfortunately stopped by the death of King Ferdinand; the courtiers became dangerously jealous of the high honors that had been conferred upon Sebastian Cabot; and he returned to England, where Henry VIII. fitted out a small squadron "to extend the discoveries of Cabot." But the chief command was given to somebody else—one Sir Thomas Pert. This was

\* "Memoir," pp. 239-241. This valuable document is preserved (lib. vi. cap. cxxvi.) in the precious volume entitled "Paesi nuovamente ritrovati et Novo Mondo da Alberico Vespucio Florentino intitulato," published at Vicenza in 1507, and now a work of the greatest rarity. (The original and French translation are in the library of Harvard College. — Bancroft's "United States," p. 4.)

pretty certain not to end well. It seems that when they had reached the north latitude of  $67^{\circ} 30'$ , the courage of Sir Thomas failed him; a mutiny also broke out; and the expedition came at once to a close. Nevertheless, "it amounts almost to a certainty," says Mr. Shillinglaw, "that Cabot in this voyage entered what is at present known as 'Hudson's Bay' or, at any rate, the strait which bears the same name; and it seems also highly probable that Frobisher and Hudson, in later times, were guided by what was known and published of Cabot's attempts, before they undertook their several voyages." This is not to be regarded in any sense of detraction from the merit of what the latter thoroughly accomplished, nearly every triumph of scientific discovery being built upon previous steps, experiments, and substantiated facts.

—Another Italian again led the way into northern seas, and on this occasion it was in the service of the French government, who now for the first time turned its attention in that direction. In 1524 Francis I. fitted out four ships, and gave the command of them to a Florentine, named Giovanni Verazzano. He coasted North America, "embracing the whole of the present United States, and a large portion of British America." Eventually he came upon a cluster of islands, which were probably those now known as the Bay of Penobscot, when his provisions failing, he returned to France. He seems to have landed at Georgia, where he found the natives very friendly, but as he proceeded northward he describes them as fierce and hostile. The loss of the battle of Pavia prevented the king from sending out another expedition. In the same year Spain had sent out vessels to the north, but they returned without any special results, and two or three years after this, England again—in 1527, the nineteenth year of Henry VIII.—sent out "two faire ships wel manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men, set forth oute of the Thames to seek strange regions." How little or how much was accomplished by these vessels with their "cunning men" will never be known, "by reason"—as Hakluyt, III, 120, laments—"of the great negligence of the writers of those times." One of the vessels is said to have been commanded by Verazzano, previously mentioned, about whom there are conflicting accounts: one, that he was "killed, roasted, and eaten" by savages in the sight of his own ship; and the other, that he was seen ashore in 1537, "and therefore," as one of

the narrators gravely and logically remarks, he could not have been roasted and eaten in 1527.

The French, some eight years after the voyage last mentioned, fitted out two ships under the command of Jacques Cartier. They circumnavigated Newfoundland, and, according to Mr. Shillinglaw, were the first Europeans who entered the Bay of St. Lawrence. Cartier returned safely to France; and in 1535, he was again despatched with three ships. He ascended the St. Lawrence as high up as the Indian town of Hochelaga, where he was received most kindly by the natives, and in particular by their old king, Agonhauna. To this town they gave the name of Mont Royal, which afterwards became the great city now known as Montreal. On their departure, we much regret to record, they treacherously carried off the hospitable old king, by whom they had all been so well treated. These were the sort of doings, which in those days—in *all* days—an account in the most obvious manner for most of the hostilities of tribes called "savages," who might rather, in such cases, retort the epithet upon their "civilized" visitors.

Notwithstanding these discoveries, the French did not perceive the value of Canada till some years after the visit of Cartier; and the next expedition to northern seas proceeded from England in 1536. The most remarkable feature in this is the fact of its personal adventurers, as well as originators, being private gentlemen and lawyers—to wit "Master Hore, of London, a man of goodly stature, and of great courage, and given to the studie of cosmographie;" and among the company were many "gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and of Chancerie." They set sail with hilarity and hope; but they evidently had not been judicious in choosing navigators, as they were thrown out of their calculation by the unusual length of the voyage to Cape Breton, so that they had come to an end of all their provisions. They were reduced to so dreadful a condition of absolute famine, that some of them even resorted to cannibalism. At this juncture a vessel from France chanced to arrive, "well furnished with vittaille;" when the "gentlemen of the Inns of Court and Chancerie," forgetting all their reading, rushed upon the "vittaille," and seizing enough for their present need, hastened back to France. Heavy complaints were soon afterwards made to Henry VIII., who caused a strict inquiry to be made into all the particulars; when the king,

finding how grievously his subjects had suffered, pardoned them for their "felonies," and paid the injured Frenchmen "oute of his own purse" for the food of which they had been plundered.

The French eventually awoke to the importance of Canada, and the king fitted out two vessels, giving the chief command to the Sieur de Robevel, with a number of prodigious titles, such as "lieutenant-general and viceroy in Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, the Great Bay, etc.," and a subordinate command to the original discoverer, Jacques Cartier. Of course there was an element of discord to begin with. The ships reached Mont Real, but all settlement there was resisted by the Indians. Can we at all wonder at this, after what had been done by Cartier on his first visit—not to speak of the fifty-seven men, women, and children, carried off sometime before by the Portuguese? So there was no more friendly intercourse with the Indians, and the French navigators had even to build a fort for self-protection on a spot where the city of Quebec now stands. After this there occurred, as might have been expected, a jealousy between the leaders, and Cartier returned to France. The Sieur de Robevel, aided by his brother Achille, bravely persevered in an attempt to found a settlement; but they both "disappeared" forever—nobody knew how, except the Indians.

Our Edward VI. now appears on the scene; he takes great interest in the views of the merchants who thought that after so many failures in a north-westerly direction, the efforts of navigators should now be turned towards the chance of effecting a passage to the Indies by the north-east. Again we hear of Sebastian Cabot. He had been in the service of Spain, and made several voyages, in one of which he sailed up the Río de la Plata some three hundred and fifty leagues. He was now in England, and King Edward gave him a high office in the marine department, together with a munificent pension. A new expedition was fitted out, the full instructions for which were drawn up by Cabot in a masterly style; but being too far advanced in years to take the command in person, that post was assigned to Sir Hugh Willoughby, "a most valiant gentleman." A second ship was placed under the direction of Richard Chancellor, "of great estimation for many goode parts of wit in him." The code of instructions drawn up by Cabot was as follows:—

Ordinances, Instructions, and Advertisements of and for the intended voyage for

Cathay, compiled, made, and delivered by the Right Worshipful M. Sebastian Cabota, Esq., Gouvernour of the Mysterie and Companie of the Merchants Adventurers for the discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and places unknownen, the 9th day of May, in the yeere of our Lord God, 1553, and in the 7th yeere of the reigne of our most dread Sovereigne, Lord Edward VI., by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England and Ireland, in earth supreme head.\* [On the 20th May, 1553, the three ships dropped down to Greenwich, on which occasion we have the following spirited sketch.] The greater shippes are towed with boates and oares, and the mariners being all apparelled in watchet or skie-coloured cloth, rowed amaine and made way with diligence. And being come neare to Greenwich (where the Court then lay) presently upon the news thereof, the Courtiers came running out, and the common people flockt together, standing very thicke upon the shoare, the Privie Counsel they lookt out at the windowes of the Court, and the rest ranne up to the topes of the towers; the shippes hereupon discharge their ordinance, and shoot off their pieces after the manner of warre and the sea, insomuch that the tops of the hilles sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners they shouted in such sort that the skie rang againe with the noyse thereof. One stood in the poope of the shipp, and by his gestures bids farewell to his friendes in the best manner hee could. Another walkes upon the hatches, another climbes the shrouds, another stands upon the maine yard, and another in the [main] top of the shippe. To be short, it was a very triumph (after a sort) in all respects to the beholders. But (alas!) the good King Edward (in respect of whom principally all this was prepared) hee, only by reason of his sicknesse, was absent from this shewe, and not long after the departure of these shippes the lamentable and sorrowful accident of his death occurred.

On this occasion, for the first and, we believe, the only time on record with us, there were signs of sad presentiments and foreboding of evil. When the ships sailed, many of those on deck "looked oftentimes backe, and could not refraine from teares, considering into what hazards they were to fall, and what uncertainties of the sea they were to make triall of." Even one of the commanders (Chancellor) was visibly affected,—"His natural and fatherly affection also somewhat troubled him, for he left behinde him two little sonnes, which were in the case of orphanes if he spedde not well." It does not appear that the chief commander, Sir Hugh Willoughby, or Richard Chancellor, though valiant gentlemen, had been bred

\* Hakluyt, Vol. I. p. 226.

to the sea, or could in any way be considered as great practical sailors.

They reached the islands which stud the coast of Norway. Willoughby arranged, in the event of the vessels separating, that they should meet at Wardhuys, a seaport of Finmark. On the very same day this arrangement was made, a storm arose which drove them far apart, "never to meet again." Willoughby had tried in vain to obtain a pilot at Senjen. He eventually made Nova Zembla, and endeavored most bravely to proceed in a northerly direction; but being driven back, he endeavored to sail towards Wardhuys, and began "to grope his way along the naked and barren coast of Russian Lapland." At length they reached the mouth of the Arzina, near Kegor. Willoughby had the third ship still with him. Freezing, and probably starving, he sent out parties in boats, or over the ice, in different directions to obtain assistance; but no signs of people, or huts of any kind, could be discovered. Nothing was heard of ships or men in England, or elsewhere, during two years. Eventually some Russian fishermen wandering along the coast found the two frozen ships, with everybody on board frozen into images — to the number of seventy. The last words written in Sir Hugh Willoughby's journal, viz., that they could discover "no people, or any similitude of habitation," were found lying before "the stiff and frozen corpse of the noble commander."

The voyage of Chancellor was attended with great success in many respects, which is fully and carefully described in Mr. Shillinglaw's "Narrative." After quelling a mutiny, Chancellor held on his course, as Hakluyt tells us, "towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so farre, that he came at last to the place where he found no night at all, but a continual light and brightnessse of the sunne shining clearly upon the huge and mightie sea." He eventually discovered the White Sea, and next touched at Archangel, "in those days nothing but a castle." He also discovered Moscow, which he reached by a journey in sledges over the snow, a distance of six hundred miles from the coast. Chancellor says that "he took Moscow," at that time, "to be greater than London, with the suburbs," which we should take the liberty of very much doubting, unless "with the suburbs" means not those of London, but the vast straggling heaps of huts around Moscow. Chancellor returned safely to England. In 1555 he was again sent out by rich merchants with

a new expedition. He was on his way homewards, with a cargo valued at £20,000, and accompanied by an ambassador from the emperor Ivan Vasilovitch, when his vessel was wrecked during a storm in Pitsligo Bay. In attempting to reach the shore in a boat, amidst the darkness and the breaking waves, and chiefly through his anxiety for the preservation of the ambassador, the heroic Richard Chancellor was lost, together with "seven Russes, and divers mariners of his ship;" but the ambassador was safely landed by the remaining seamen forming the boat's crew.

The ambassador proceeded to London, where he was received with all ceremonies by Philip and Mary, and entertained sumptuously during three months. On his departure he was accompanied to Gravesend by "divers aldermen and merchants," all interested in the new trade with Russia, and parting "with many embracemens and divers farewels," and Hakluyt adds, "not without expressing of teares."

We are induced to linger a little over these early navigators, on account of the great and novel interest which belongs to them, the great commercial, as well as geographical value of their discoveries, and the circumstance that their eventful voyages are so much less generally known than those of the great navigators of our own times. They were the worthy and almost necessary forerunners of Davis and Hudson, of Baffin and Ross, and the rest of our Arctic heroes, and their fame should ever be held dear to us, their deeds ever cherished in our memories. The following extract from Mr. Shillinglaw's "Narrative" will now introduce two new and important names: —

Meanwhile, during Chancellor's absence on that voyage in which he subsequently lost his life, the Muscovy Company had fitted out a small vessel, called the "Searchthrift," which, on the 29th April, 1556, sailed from Gravesend, under the command of Stephen Burrough, the master of Chancellor's ship in his first voyage. Previous to their sailing, the "Right Worshipful Sebastian Cabot," and a large party of ladies and gentlemen, paid a visit to the vessel, and examined all the preparations with great interest, and afterwards the "goode olde gentleman, Master Cabota," gave a banquet, at which, "for very joy that he had to see the towardness of their discovery, he entered into the dance himself amongst the rest of the young and lusty company."

It was not until the middle of July that Burrough reached the Straits of Waigatz, where he was beset on all sides by "monstrous heaps of ice," and was constantly in danger of being annihilated by these enormous masses coming

in collision with each other. They were likewise nearly capsized by an immense whale, which, however, they managed to affright by shouting. Burrough penetrated about fifteen leagues beyond the mouth of the river Pechora, but all his efforts to proceed farther proved abortive, and he therefore returned, with the intention of again resuming the attempt.

In order to preserve a strict chronological order, we have now to turn our faces to the north-west. The name of Martin Frobisher is one of which this country may well be proud; and yet his connection with the defeat of the "Invincible Armada" is all that is remembered of him by many. Mr. Barrow truly says, in his "Naval Worthies of Elizabeth's Reign"—"He was one of those men who, by their zeal, energy, and talent, acquired and preserved for Queen Elizabeth the proud title of 'sovereign of the seas';" but few, however, know that he earned his early honors in a northern clime: few know that for *fifteen long years* he was continually pressing upon the minds of his friends, and the merchants of the city of London, the desirableness of renewing the attempt to find a passage by the north-west; the former proved lukewarm, and the latter, he soon perceived, were not wont to regard "venture without sure certaine and present gaines." When, indeed, will the time come that a noble idea shall receive from the world the attention which is its due, uninfluenced by any sordid or narrow-minded motive?

Our author's last question has been very handsomely answered on several occasions, since the publication of his book; and by none more completely than by the expedition of 1875-6. But to proceed.

Let those who are disposed to faint under difficulties, in the prosecution of any great and worthy undertaking, remember that *eighteen years* elapsed after the time that Columbus conceived his enterprise before he was enabled to carry it into effect,—that most of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitation, amidst poverty, neglect, and taunting ridicule; that the prime of his life had wasted away in the struggle; and that when his perseverance was finally crowned with success, he was about his fifty-sixth year. This example should encourage the enterprising never to despair. (Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," Vol. I. p. 174.)

It is, nevertheless, the sort of "encouragement" that everybody could not live.

In the year 1576, Frobisher found means to fit out three very small vessels, the largest being only thirty-five tons, and fired salutes when off the royal palace at Greenwich. Queen Elizabeth waved her hand from the palace windows, and sent a gentleman on board "to make known her good likings of their doings," and wishing them "happie successe." Frobisher reached

Greenland without any mischance, but was unable to land, in consequence of a great storm. In this he lost a boat, with her crew, and one of his vessels then deserted him. After this he eventually penetrated some sixty leagues into a "strait," which now bears his name.

"And landing here he met with a salvage people, like to Tartars, with longe blacke haire, broad faces, and flatte noses, the women marked in the face with blewe streekes downe the cheekees and round about the eyes, having bootes made of seales skinnes, in shape somewhat resembling the shallops of Spain." Here Frobisher lost a boat's crew of five men, and, notwithstanding he "shotte off falconets and sounded trumpets," he never again heard of them. In revenge, he managed, by tinkling a bell, to entice one of the natives to the ship's side, and "plucked him, by main force, boat and all, into his barke, whereupon, when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and disdaine, he bit his tongue in twaine within his mouth, notwithstanding he died not thereof, but lived untill he came to England, and then died of cold which he had taken at sea." With this "strange infidell on board, whose like was never seene, read, nor heard of before, and whose language was neither knownen nor understood of any, they returned to England."

Half of the strange infidel's tongue having been bitten off, it is not very surprising, in any case, that his language was not understood. Frobisher, on his arrival in England, was received with acclamations; but that which most contributed to his popularity was something of a perfectly new and unexpected kind. Among the odd heap of curiosities brought back by sailors and others, were small pieces of heavy, black-looking stones, one of which happening to fall into the fire, and afterwards to get broken, discovered a spot that "glistened with a bright marquesset of golde." It was instantly taken to the "goldfiners in London," who pronounced it to be pure gold. A fresh expedition was immediately projected, and urged forward with general excitement. This time, it was not at all for the discovery of a north-west or a north-east passage, but "in the hope of more of the same golde ore." So Frobisher again set sail from Blackwall in 1577, "with a merrie wind," and all on account of the precious metal he was to bring back. Queen Elizabeth shared the popular enthusiasm. But, unfortunately, all this was founded on a delusion, the declaration of the London goldsmiths and adepts notwithstanding, as the heavy black stones in question contained no gold whatever. Howbeit, Frobisher returned with two hundred tons of the

supposed ore. His arrival was attended with the greatest excitement, and her Majesty appointed special commissioners "to look thoroughly into the cause for the true triall and due examination thereof, and for the full handling of all matters thereunto appertaining."

Clearly her Majesty was to be highly commended; but how the special commissioners who sent in a most favorable report upon the supposed ore, escaped with their heads in those days of rather summary decisions and punishments, surprises one, the more so when we find that another expedition for the same purpose, on a very much larger scale, — viz., of fifteen vessels, — sailed the next year, comprising mariners, miners, goldfiners, soldiers, gentlemen, carpenters, and the framework of a large wooden house, to be erected, we may suppose, for the chief commissioner of the gold-mines, his body-guard, and staff. This costly expedition was, of course, a total failure as to its chief object; but the perils and the sufferings they all went through in the Arctic seas, — now drifting about for twenty days together in dense mists and fogs; now with fastened and "moored anker" upon some great island of ice, submitting their ships to its guidance; now with pikes and pieces of timber standing day and night to "bear off the force" of the floating masses of ice that threatened to crush them; now kneeling round the mainmast, praying help from God, — must place this disastrous expedition among the most memorable. And this, in especial, from the great energy, skill, and fortitude of Frobisher, who was in no way responsible for the errors and stupidities of the goldfiners and commissioners. Frobisher, after his return to England, with his shattered vessels, declared that "had it not been for the charge and care he had of the fleets and freighted ships, he both would and could have gone through to the South Sea, called Mar de Sur, and dissolved the long doubt of the passage which we seek to finde to the rich country of Cataya."\* Be this as it may, there seems every probability that the "strait" he had entered was that which now bears Hudson's name. So far from the ardor of Frobisher being destroyed by his failure, it appears that he proposed a fourth voyage, in which he was supported by the great admiral, Sir Francis Drake. The queen, however, "shook her head," and we may also imagine that she said some-

thing characteristic to the London goldfiners.

Nevertheless, in the short space of two years, another expedition sailed from England, — and on this occasion it was with a view to the discovery of a north-eastern passage. It was boldly attempted by Pet and Jackman; but they returned unsuccessful. Three years afterwards, Sir Humphrey Gilbert obtained from Queen Elizabeth the gift of all such "heathen and barbarous countries" as he might discover. But the haunting idea of gold still remaining, a fifth part of the gold and silver that might be found was to belong to the crown. Gilbert made two voyages, in the second of which he was accompanied by Sir Walter Raleigh. They were unsuccessful; but Gilbert sailed a third time, "to take possession of Newfoundland." The coast was reached, but here they were overwhelmed by a tempest, in which the gallant Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with all on board his ship, was lost.

About two years after this, "Master John Davis, a man well grounded in the principles of the arts of navigation," is appointed to a command by "divers worshipful merchants of London," not for the sake of gold or silver, but for the advancement of "God's glory, and the discovery of a passage to India." The three important voyages of Davis are full of interest; as are also the three voyages of Barentsz, who was sent by the Dutch to "penetrate by the north to China and Japan." On one occasion the ice closed upon them, so that the ship of Barentsz was lifted quite out of the water, and remained fixed. They had to build a hut to live in. The cold was so intense that if they touched a piece of iron it brought away the skin with it, and their Dantzig spruce froze so hard that it burst the cask. The darkness once lasted eighty days; but they eventually escaped in two boats, leaving their ship high up amidst the ice, and reached the northern extremity of Nova Zembla. Barentsz now felt that he was dying. He desired the sailors to raise him up in the boat; and thus standing, and "gazing on the terrible scene of his shipwrecked hopes," the spirit of the heroic Dutchman passed away.

England again in 1602 sent out an expedition to the north, under George Waymouth. Next, the king of Denmark despatched a vessel. Then we read of Bennet, and Cunningham, and Knight; and then we have the renowned Henry Hudson. He was fitted out by the London "Mus-

\* Hakluyt, Vol. III., p. 80.

coy Company" in 1607, and he announced that he should "endeavor to find a passage, if possible, directly across the pole itself." He did not succeed; and next year he made another voyage, with no better result. The year after, he again sailed forth, this time in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and discovered the bay and river "on the shores of which New York now stands." His further successes, and his cruel end, we shall give in the words of Mr. Shillinglaw's "Narrative."

On the 17th April, 1610, Hudson sailed from the Thames, on that voyage from which it was his sad fate never to return. Sir John Wolstenholme, Sir Dudley Digges, and others who were persuaded of the existence of a north-east passage, fitted out a ship called the "Discovery," of fifty-five tons, at their own expense, the command of which was given to Hudson. He touched at the islands of Orkney, Færöe, and Iceland, and, on the 15th June, "rayed the Desolations," where he found the sea full of whales, of whom they stood somewhat in fear. From this, he pursued a north-westerly course, and about the end of the month met with an island, which Davis had laid down on his chart, now known as Resolution Island. Hudson not being able to go to the north of it, therefore took a southerly course, and "fell into a great rippling, or overfall of current, the which setteh to the west." This was the entrance of the great strait, now known by his name, into which he pushed his way, notwithstanding the icy obstacles which were continually placed in his course. But a far greater obstacle to his progress was the increasing dissatisfaction of his crew. In vain did he call them together, and show them his chart, representing that he had sailed more than a hundred leagues further than any other Englishman; his consideration for their opinions had the usual effect in such cases; "some were of one minde, and some of another; some wishing themselves at home, and some not caring wher, so they were out of the ice." However, they were all forced by dire necessity to assist in freeing the ship from her perilous position; and, after several days of harassing weather, on the 11th July, in latitude 62° 9'm., he reached some islands, which he named the Isles of God's Mercy. A few leagues further, and Hudson beheld that vast sea open before him, which seemed to be the completion of his most sanguine wishes. He made no doubt but that it was a portion of the mighty Pacific; what feelings of exultation must have filled his breast at the thought of his having succeeded in accomplishing that which had baffled so many before him!

They were now quite frozen in, and the provisions being nearly all gone, the crew had nothing but the prospect of starvation, through cold and hunger, during a long and dreary winter.

They, for a time, were able to obtain food by a great number of white partridges that came there, but these soon disappeared, and Hudson and his crew were reduced to starvation and misery. At length, the ice broke up, and the brave navigator got safely away. But the mutinous spirit of the crew again arose, and one morning, as Hudson came out of his cabin, he was seized from behind by the cowardly wretches, carried on deck, and cast into the sea. They then threw eight sick men in after him, and hoisted sail!

The reader will now have obtained a very clear knowledge of the extreme difficulties, perils, and prolonged sufferings which were certain to attend these Arctic voyages, and what sort of men the early discoverers were who so cheerfully undertook them. That it is impossible, within our space, to give any account of the whole of these, the very list of the names of those who followed Davis and Hudson will sufficiently attest. For after Hudson, we read of Button, Pool, Hall, Gibbons, and Byleot from the years 1610 to 1615; and then we have the famous Baffin, the accuracy of whose lunar observations was praised a century afterwards by Captain Parry. Next we come to Hawkridge, and then Jeus Munk, sent out from Denmark. With Munk's expedition we must pause an instant to speak of the wonderful aerial phenomena they witnessed, viz., three distinct suns, and, on another occasion, two; also, an eclipse of the moon, which appeared to be "environed by a transparent circle, within which was a cross, seemingly dividing the moon into four quarters." Jeus Munk's crew were afflicted with scurvy to such a degree that they were too weak to shoot any of the numbers of wild fowl, though dying from cold and starvation. "Munk himself, after remaining four days in his hut without food," crawled forth, and found that "out of a crew of *sixty-four* souls, *two only* survived." As if inspired by despair, these three Danes dug into the frozen snow, tore up some roots and plants, which they devoured, got rid of the scurvy, and managed to fit up a small craft, and return to Denmark. After this, we have Luke Fox (in 1631) and Captain James; in 1652 the Danes again made an attempt under the command of Captain Danell. After this we read of Gillam, and Wood, Knight, Barlow, and Vaughan in 1676 and 1719, with Captain Scroggs, Middleton, Moore, and Smith, in 1741 and 1746. We must here revert to the expedition sent out by Russia in 1725 under

command of Captain Vitus Behring in accordance with a plan said to have been devised by Peter the Great, when on his death-bed. Behring made various discoveries on his second voyage, in 1741, during which he perished miserably from cold, starvation, and scurvy. Then we read of Tchitscagoff (another Russian) and Hearne, Phipps, Lutwidge (in the reign of George III.), Clarke, the great Captain Cook—killed at the Sandwich Islands, and Clarke “reduced to an absolute skeleton,” dying at Petropaulowski. One of the midshipmen who sailed with Phipps and Lutwidge, was *Horatio Nelson*. Meares, Pickersgill, Young, and Lowenhorn (sent out by the king of Denmark) bring us down to 1787. The prodigious profits derived by the Hudson's Bay Company in their trade with the “simple-minded Indians” of North America now brought forward Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, resident officer of the rival “Northwest Company.” For the arduous work he accomplished the reader is referred to the voyages and travels of his day, 1789. The honored names of Vancouver and Kotzebue bring us down to 1815; and we then find ourselves ready (in imagination) to accompany Ross, and the yet more successful and admirable Perry, together with Back and Buchan, till we arrive at the heroic deeds and melancholy loss of Sir John Franklin. What all these men did and suffered, is of such great and varied interest, that we must not venture to ask space even to touch upon their several voyages; neither is this necessary, as their journals being of our present time, most people have read them, and those who have not can always find them in any good library. For the same reason we can only allude to the *fourteen* different expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, with the final discovery of the place where he died, by Captain (now Admiral) M'Clintock, and the discovery of the north-west passage by Captain (now Admiral) M'Clure.

Among our regrets at necessary conciseness, we must prominently allude to the American expedition fitted out by the patriotic merchant, Mr. Grinnel, of New York; and the extraordinary daring and success of Captain Hall, in a small, ill-adapted river-steamer, the “Polaris,” in 1871.

Of the expedition under the command of Captain Nares—accompanied by officers and seamen who would have done honor to the greatest days of Britannia's highest glory—their efforts and their en-

durances, in all the main features and graphic details of varied scenes of peril and unflagging perseverance, have been recently exhausted by the public press, so that description would now be superfluous. Their deeds are placed on record, and we are proud of our countrymen. That they have not accomplished all that was, both reasonably and unreasonably, expected by those “gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,” or even the great and especial object of the expedition, does not militate against their courage, their skill, or their fortitude; and of course it does not deteriorate the value of what they really have discovered. But although they found it impossible to reach the pole in the direction they so manfully attempted, we can but agree with several of our contemporaries that a nearer approach may at some future time be made from another quarter. As for new “appliances and means,” we do not hazard a suggestion as to steam ice-ploughs; to boring and blasting on a large scale; or to some dozen of balloons, bearing men, food, warming and cooking apparatus, etc., because all novel ideas are, naturally enough, treated with ridicule; but we think that in the sure and steady progress of science there will certainly be found new and more successful methods of surmounting Arctic fortifications and barriers, gigantic and impregnable as the outworks have hitherto appeared. *Palman qui meruit ferat*; and, according to the *Times*, there will most probably be another expedition fitted out by America, were it only to recover their “lost sea” and reclaim their “lost land,” whose existence is denied by Captain Nares. That other polar voyages of discovery will, sooner or later, be made, we do not at all doubt; and it is quite possible they may be rewarded by other valuable additions to our knowledge, besides what may be gathered by getting nearer to the frozen summit of our globe. These may comprise the nautical, the geographical, the geological, the meteorological, possibly the *ethnological*, and almost certainly the ornithological, as well as the fauna and flora of frozen regions. Dr. Hooker has pointed out that the botanical specimens display very interesting peculiarities; and that “the existence of *ancient forests* in what are now Arctic regions” (proved by the recent discovery of great seams of coal), “and the migration of existing flora over land bound fast in perpetual ice, appear to call for vaster changes than can be brought about by a redisposition of the geographical

limits of land and sea, and to afford evidence of changes in the direction of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit,—and perhaps of variation in the ellipticity of the orbit itself." As to the fish, of all degrees of magnitude, and of all degrees of the almost invisibly diminutive, there is a food as abundant for reflection as for nutriment.

But a far more interesting speculation presents itself. Tribes of unknown men have strayed, somehow—at some time or other—into these unknown solitudes. "Traces of them," writes Mr. Clement R. Markham,\* "have been found everywhere along the verge. They may have perished, or they may survive in the far north; but there is no doubt of their having entered the unexplored region from more than one point." Mr. Markham then speculates on the possible condition and means of life of human beings without wood or metals, and dependent entirely on bone and stone for the construction of all implements and utensils, and suggests a comparison with "the condition of mankind in the stone age of the world." But apart from these, and other great and recondite speculation, the practical benefits to be derived from Arctic exploration, in numerous respects, must be apparent from the additions to our knowledge brought home to the habitable regions of the earth by these heroic navigators and explorers of frozen solitudes.

\* *Contemporary Review*, October, 1873.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE SHADOW OF THE DOOR.

V.

IT was Dempton's habit, as it was that of many others, to come to the store once a week and on the same day, both on the chance of a letter arriving and to make what purchases might be required.

When the time next came round, the company was larger than usual, and contained more persons of consideration. As, on his asking for letters, one was handed him, it seemed to be a sort of signal to the lookers-on. No sooner was it in his hand than one of the persons present said,—

"Squire Dempton,"—so he had been called from the first, by a tacit recognition of his superiority,—"will you allow me to ask if you have lately heard from Mr. Elsey?"

"No, sir, I have not," was the prompt response, on which Dempton fixed upon the speaker a somewhat surprised look.

The pause that followed indicated the common feeling that some good reason must be forthcoming for asking this question at this time. Yet ordinarily it might have passed for a mere expression of friendly interest.

"Well, squire," said Atkins, the man who had spoken, "we all heard that Mr. Elsey was coming back; and it has been talked round a good deal that he was going to settle among us, and it seems natural to show an interest in it."

"Did you make his acquaintance, sir, when he was here?" asked Dempton.

"Not exactly, squire; I only spoke to him once, and was rather taken by his pleasant voice and looks, and should be glad to learn when he is coming back."

"That is to say, Mr. Atkins, you knew him just as much as you know me. I believe we have been named once to each other."

This brought Atkins to his feet, with a sense of being called upon to show his ideas of propriety and self-respect.

"Very true, Mr. Dempton, and I think once was enough to make my question a proper one. I hope you don't dispute it, sir?"

"I have no wish to dispute with you or with any one," said Dempton, "but I have a right to my way, which is to come and go, asking and being asked no questions. It's not your question, Mr. Atkins, but your asking it, that surprises me; and between neighbors who want to live quietly, the quicker such a thing is understood the better."

In saying this, Dempton's manner was so quietly resolute as to produce the effect which he intended of making every one feel that he took the position of one who had been interfered with. The more trivial the interference, the stronger such a position. Only a weighty reason can justify interference at all, especially in the eyes of a people jealous as they were of personal rights. Atkins felt this instantly, and had sense enough to treat it in the only manly way.

Dropping his tone of self-assertion, he said: "I ask your pardon, squire, for seeming meddlesome, which I didn't mean to be. If a gentleman speaks civilly when he meets a neighbor, and don't choose to do more, it's nobody's business but his own. But I must say, squire, for myself and the rest of us here, that all we know of Mr. Elsey was what you told us your-

self, and that's the reason, perhaps, why I was readier to ask about him."

Dempton saw that Atkins had drawn back, and was too shrewd not to concede something himself. Neither party could have had more than a general notion what was in the mind of the other. Each was intensely conscious of his own motive that gave importance to an incident in itself utterly trivial.

"That is true, Mr. Atkins," Dempton replied; "had I thought of it, your stopping me on my way out might not have struck me as it did. I don't like to be stopped; and to show you that I minded that more than your question, I'll give you an answer to it when I have read this letter, which, I think, has something to do with it."

So saying, he walked out to where his horse and wagon stood, while the party in-doors awaited his return in silence. The contrast between what appeared upon the surface and what was underneath imposed restraint upon them all. Dempton presently returned, and holding the open letter in his hand he said, with perfect naturalness of manner,—

"Gentlemen, this is a very grave business indeed, and, as it turns out, I am not sorry for what has passed between us this morning. This letter informs me that Mr. Elsey has never reached his former home, and that no communication has been received from him. I have been anxious about him for some time. When he left, it was understood between us that if he were detained by the way he would write, but otherwise I should not hear from him till he had completed his journey. Not hearing I thought little of it at first, supposing that when the letter came it would explain the delay. But, growing uneasy, after a while I wrote to the person with whom he left what business he had, and this is my answer. They are as much in the dark as I am; and I must admit I am seriously troubled."

As he ceased, Dempton glanced round, as expecting the remarks that would naturally follow. Looks were exchanged, but no words. The utter silence and grave faces of the group were very marked. Dempton's compressed lip and darkening countenance showed how he felt it. He half turned towards the door, when Atkins interrupted him with, "It does look very bad, indeed." Deliberately folding up the letter, and keeping his eyes fixed upon it, Dempton replied,—

"It looks very serious, Mr. Atkins, and I should expect my neighbors to show

some interest in it. My friend may have fallen ill on his journey; he may even have died suddenly. But"—and as he said this, he looked full at Atkins—"I was not prepared for your feeling it so much."

Here again what he said was so reasonable, his manner so in keeping with his recognized character, as to render it difficult even to hint at the suspicions that were entertained by every one present. Atkins again showed himself the readiest man among them.

"It seems to me, squire, that if Mr. Elsey had been taken sick among Christian people, or died in a Christian way, word would have been sent to you, or to his other friends. I suppose he had something about him to show who he was?"

"That's plain enough to be thought of," replied Dempton, "and makes it more of a trouble to me. It is possible that Elsey has come to a bad end—if that's what you meant. But I think you meant more; and the rule I have gone by all my life is to hold my tongue altogether, or speak out all my mind. I am no fool, sir, not to understand when a thing like this happens, and a man's neighbors meet him, as I've been met here to-day, that there is something underneath had better be brought on top. I wish to know what it is, if there's any one here man enough to tell me."

This bold challenge took every one by surprise. Here was the very man himself opening a way to the secret which they had taken for granted would be wrung from him only when he could hold it no longer. He could not have roused them up more thoroughly than by the taunt contained in his last words—yet they rather liked him for it. The stir that showed a half-dozen of them eager to take his words up, referred more to this taunt than to their suspicions. Atkins promptly interposed a milder and more judicious answer than the others would have been likely to give.

"Well, squire, I must say that's frank and fair; and none of us is going to resent a hard word at such a time—not I, for one. You mustn't think hard of me if I answer you just as plainly as you've asked. But you know, squire, why none of us is very ready to begin talk with you—which, I must say, has gone against you in this matter pretty bad."

And then Atkins went on in his blunt way, but not unkindly, to tell what the suspicions were, and how they had been excited. Nep's adventure and Pender's inspection figured largely, but somewhat

to his own surprise, Atkins got to the end of his story sooner than he expected. Those two incidents and the mere fact of Elsey's sudden disappearance, contained the substance of it. He felt unwilling to go back to the circumstances of Mrs. Dempton's death, which, in truth, had been the first unnoticed stimulant to suspicion; nor could he very reasonably dwell on the disposition which prevailed to suspect Dempton on account of his manners and mode of life. When he ceased speaking, the cork was drawn but the fluid was flat; the pent-up excitement of the past weeks suffered a collapse. In his simplicity, Atkins felt half ashamed of himself, and provoked at his neighbors as if they had got him into a scrape. He was too sincere and manly, however, not to give Dempton distinctly to understand that there was something to be explained, if it less than fully justified the suspicions that had been entertained.

The singular vigor of Dempton's mind and character now showed itself. Whatever the likelihood beforehand of some such occurrence, its gravity and the turn it took had to be met on the moment. He saw his advantage and used it with decision, but very calmly; did not press over eagerly the points in his favor; and promptly forestalled future proceedings by proposing an immediate investigation, which, he said, he had a right then and there to claim at their hands.

Never did a man, starting under such disadvantages, go so far and so quickly to reinstate himself in public opinion. Not only that: he gained what he never had before, some measure of personal regard — he seemed so manful, bore himself so well under a trial so sudden and so severe. There was not a sign of begging off or of evading any point of the inquiry. He seemed not to notice the favorable disposition which began to show itself, and which might have been readily applied to ease off the pressure.

His explanations, which we need not closely follow, were minute and full. The letter, which he put into Atkins's hands, was what he had said. A grim smile passed over his face as he acknowledged that there was some cause for Nep's disturbance, though it was only a dead dog that he himself had been compelled to dispose of the next day by the simple process of throwing it into the stream. They all knew how a negro's imagination would magnify such a circumstance. Pender, too, was right. He had been destroying some old clothes of his own that were

made utterly worthless by the work he had lately been engaged in: and there was an old moth-eaten hair trunk that had belonged to his wife which he burnt at the same time. He touched skilfully the prejudice against him on account of his manners. There might be causes unconnected with evil, yet implying much sorrow and trouble, to render him silent and reserved, not to speak of natural disposition. Must a man publish all this on coming to a strange place, or be suspected?

The master-move on Dempton's part then followed.

"Gentlemen," he said — and the plainer the white people of that region, the more punctilious are they on formal occasions as to that title — "had you been invited to meet me here for this purpose" — the shrewd man suspected they had come by a *quasi* agreement — "there could hardly be a better representation of the neighborhood. I am willing to trust myself to your judgment. Your verdict, as I may call it, will be accepted by the whole community. I propose, then, gentlemen, that we proceed at once and together to my house, and that a full and thorough search be made of the premises. I am ready to abide by the result. If there were anything else that I could do to back up the assertions that I have made, I would do it. But this is the utmost in my power. I think the law itself would not require more."

Dempton had taken them entirely by surprise when he offered to begin his explanation. His present proposal redoubled the sensation. A battery suddenly captured and turned upon its defenders could not have done more execution. He was master of the situation.

There was nothing demonstrative, however, in his manner or theirs. His suggestion was instantly and quietly acted on. It was obviously the only test of his explanation that was within reach; but by bringing it forward himself he had greatly added to his credit. He went out at the head of the little procession that followed him as an escort rather than as a guard. There would have been a promiscuous accompaniment of boys and negroes, and Dempton's cheek flushed as he observed it, but he said nothing. Some remarks passed in an undertone among the others, and one of them said aloud, "Gentlemen, we are going to visit Mr. Dempton's premises at his invitation, and I'm of opinion that it will be proper for the children and niggers to stay behind." One or two others beside youngsters and "boys" took

the hint, so that the party, as finally composed, was fairly respectable and representative. Dempton's manner rose almost to dignity as he said, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" and raised his hat; the response to which, though very unconventional, showed how the innate sense of propriety is brought out by a serious purpose or any high-wrought feeling. The half-hour's drive was made for the most part in silence, and they were soon gathered in one group before the door. Dempton then spoke.

"I ask it both as a favor and a right, gentlemen, that you will conduct this search thoroughly in your own way, so as perfectly to satisfy yourselves. I am ready to answer any questions, and to comply with any request you may think proper. Will you go through the house first?"

"Seeing we are at the door, squire, perhaps we may as well do that first," whereupon Dempton threw the door open, and the whole party entered.

It is unnecessary to accompany them in every step of what proved to be a long, and, so far as any discovery was concerned, a fruitless search. The house and everything in it were closely scrutinized. There were a bundle of papers and some letters, and a pocket-book with a few banknotes in it, which Dempton offered to put into the hands of any two of their number for closer inspection, if they desired it. With like carefulness the outhouses and all the surroundings were examined; every part of the farm was visited; any suggestion that was made by any one of their number, however improbable, was followed up. And any one of them might as well have submitted his own premises to inspection, so far as producing any evidence against Dempton. Throughout the whole proceeding nothing could be more frank than all his actions, though his words were very few, and the expression of his face intensely rigid. But that was natural to the man and the occasion.

Several hours were thus occupied, and towards the close the examining party showed a tendency to stop and consult together. Dempton left them to themselves; and when the last point of the search was passed, they all found themselves together again where it began—at the front door—Dempton standing a little apart. There was a moment's silence, broken by Atkins.

"Our friends think, Squire Dempton, that as I took upon myself to begin this day's work by the question I asked you,

it's my part to end it; and I have to say for myself and them that we don't find the first thing against you. It's all the other way. We couldn't say less, if we were disposed to, and you may depend upon our saying this whenever the subject is mentioned. It seems as if some apology ought to be made; yet we don't like to admit that we were quick to suspect a neighbor. We want to hear from you that you don't bear us any grudge for this day's business."

Dempton addressed his reply to the whole company.

"I hold that what Mr. Atkins has said is no more than my due; and feeling it to be so from the very beginning, I can't thank you, gentlemen, for coming to this result. But I bear no grudge, and shall deem you better neighbors for the part you have performed. What I have said and done to-day ought to be my sufficient defence; but I may as well let you know that if you are satisfied, I am not. I have something more to do, and that is—to follow up James Elsey's track and see if I can find some trace of him. I do not yet give up all hope, and shall set about my search as soon as I can arrange about the live-stock and other things I've got here that must be looked after."

"I reckon, squire," said Atkins, "that that's the best thing you can do, and you may be sure we shall all wish you good luck at it."

And so this momentous affair ended. Before nightfall it was rehearsed far and wide, with generally the same result—a more favorable opinion of Dempton than had ever been entertained, and an expectation that the inquiry he was about to make would solve the fate of James Elsey.

Not so: that entire community was utterly misled. Our acquaintance Nep was the sable digit providentially selected to point out the clue.

#### VI.

AGREEABLY to the intention he had announced, William Dempton lost no time in preparing for his proposed journey. He simply did what was absolutely necessary, arranging with one of his nearest neighbors to look after his small crops, and disposing of his live-stock among two or three others. A special readiness to oblige was found on all sides. The result was, that without its taking that form distinctly, he virtually distributed pledges of his good faith throughout the neighborhood, and insured the utmost possible

patience should his absence be prolonged. No one thing conduced more to this than his leaving his house as it was, simply fastening down the windows, and giving the key to Atkins. There was no danger, he said, that any white man would disturb it (tramps were unknown in those days); and as for the "darkies," they wouldn't venture it in the daytime, and no one of them would dare go near the house at night.

On the morning of his departure, Atkins, whom he had asked to be present, received the door-key from his hand, and was the only one to see him throw his saddle-bags across his horse, and take the lonely road among the hills towards Wilkesville and Virginia.

Under ordinary circumstances, had a second month followed the first without bringing news from the traveller, it would not have caused much comment, beyond the remark that he was "taking it mighty easy." He had told Atkins that the limit of his journey would be a town which he named in the interior of Pennsylvania, and that he would there communicate its result.

When four weeks went by, quite a lively expectation showed itself that the fifth would bring word from Dempton. At the sixth, the whole neighborhood was confident, and looked blank when the post-bag produced nothing. Here the part Dempton had played so well told powerfully. Caught badly once in yielding over-readily to suspicion, their minds were slow to turn that way again. Every squeal of Dempton's pigs, and mooing of his cow, was an appeal in his favor. The key of his house would have burned Atkins's fingers had he handled it suspiciously.

Still, it was generosity, not stupidity, that was enlisted on his side. All at once the idea awoke in almost every mind; that such a mystery could not be left to sleep out its third month, while they waited for what some of them began to think might never come. Where people act under such circumstances, they are apt to make up for lost time by an exaggeration of vigor. Their patience swung over to the opposite extreme. Their quietness became elation. The stir throughout the community was unparalleled. A demonstration of some kind was inevitable. A spark would have kindled it, and a very live coal was suddenly thrown into the inflammable heap.

The postmaster had remembered that the letter mentioned already as having been received by Dempton was in answer to one of his own, addressed to "Sprage

Tompkins, Esq." in the town to which he told Atkins he was going. To this person Atkins had written, stating the circumstances of Dempton's departure, and inquiring about his movements. The reply disclaimed all knowledge on the subject, and sharply added, that by a slowness which seemed to the writer extraordinary, they had probably given a crafty criminal who counted upon it, ample time to escape. There was a large gathering at the store, in expectation of news, when this letter arrived; and the moment it was read aloud, as it was called for, the whole thing seemed as clear as day. They were made very mad by such a snubbing from a "Yankee lawyer;" but the deeper feeling was of indignation at being the dupes of Dempton. In two or three hours' time, the whole community had risen *en masse*, and lighted down on Dempton's place — ransacking it to the very inside of an old tin kettle.

The negroes of course were there, but trod gingerly, and hunted in groups. Even if it were broad daylight, not a "chile" among them was going to catch, or be caught by, a "spook" unawares. They peered, with Nep, nostrils dilated and specially intent, over the bank beneath which he sniffed the first suspicion of this now exciting history. Nep himself, with a companion or two, ventured into the house and up-stairs. "Whar you gwine, Nep?" said one of them as he led the way. "Why you go up dar fur?" But Nep persisted, with a shake of his head, as if he had at last made up his mind; and up they went, relieved to find they were not alone. Spicer the storekeeper, Atkins, and another respectable planter were in one of the back rooms, engaged in earnest conversation over the affair. "Well, boys!" said one of them, "there's nothing to be seen here; you'd better go down again." "Yes, mas'r," replied Nep, but still protruding his head through the doorway, and staring round with a peculiar expression that struck the three observers. "Why, you fool," said Spicer, "the walls aren't going to jump at you; what are you looking for?" Nep fairly caught his breath as he answered, "I—I—I don't see it, mas'r." "See what? what did you expect to see?" "Only a door, mas'r; I thought there was a door hy'ar."

"Nep," said Atkins, quietly, "come in here." Nep obeyed, his skin getting a greyish tinge, and his eyes glancing round rapidly. A tremendous scuttling on the stairway told what had become of his companions.

"Now, Nep," said Atkins, "you've got something to tell, and don't be scared about it. Were you ever in here before?" "Nebbar, mas'r, so help me —" "There," interrupted Atkins, "you needn't take your oath just yet. Only tell us the truth, and all you know about it. If you were never here before, what made you think there was a door here?"

I could not do justice to Nep's reply without so large an infusion of that irresistibly comic element which marks the unsophisticated negro in his most serious moments—and the more so on account of his seriousness—as would hardly agree with the tragic interest of the facts involved. Nep's part therein was, in itself, very trifling—but on what trifles do the gravest events sometimes depend!

He told a straightforward story, helped occasionally by Atkins's considerate questions, to this effect:—

Some months before, about the time of Elsey's disappearance, Nep had been caught at nightfall on the opposite side of the river. He had crossed in his skiff, and remembered it as the first time he had been able successfully to stem the current after the unusual floods which had prevailed. Having to go some distance back into the country, he was belated on his return, and struck the river a good way above the spot where he had fastened his skiff. To reach it he had to follow the curve of the shore opposite the point on which was Dempton's house. He admitted that he did not like being there in the dark; and, according to his own account, must have been stumbling along at a great rate among the roots and bushes on the bank, when, all at once, he could not help crying out, "O Lord! what's dat? for sure's you lib, I see'd a light 'cross de ribber right 'bove de place whar Miss Dempton must a come down de night she got drowned." He was afraid to move at first, and stared at the light, expecting—he did not know what. There was no stir however; and he soon saw that it was higher up and farther back than the top of the bank, and came from the house itself. His childish alarm changed to a child's curiosity, and he stood for some minutes watching the shadow of the person who was holding the candle. At last it seemed to be set down on the floor, and the person who had it—apparently Dempton himself—crossed the window, and opened what Nep was certain was a door, for he saw its dark substance come before the light, and noticed also the edge of its shadow drawn

up and down the window. Dempton presently came back, closing the door behind him, and bringing his own shadow full against the window as he stooped to take the candle up. All this must have been noted by Nep with a simple pleasure at the idea of seeing so much of what Dempton was doing when he thought himself unobserved. "I sez to myself—guess Mas'r Dempton would a blowed dat light out if he thought I see 'um." Nep then thought no more about it, but made his way to the skiff, and crossed the stream.

"Did you never speak of it?" asked Atkins.

"Oh yes, mas'r—told de old woman when I got home, and some ob de boys de nex' day; but dar wasn't nuffin much in it, and I soon forgot all about it, till I cam hy'ar dis mornin'."

"Well, what scared you so to-day when you came in here?" It was not strange, for such obtuseness occasionally happens to us at critical moments. But not one of his hearers seemed to catch as yet the point of his story, of which the negro himself had only a dim idea.

"Dunno, mas'r; made me feel mighty queer to cum hy'ar what I seed Mas'r Dempton all by hisself. It kind a cum back to me, and I 'membered de candle on de floor, and de shadow of de door; and when I didn't see no door 'tall, seemed as if de debbil must 'a been at work."

"I don't see that this nig's story goes for much," said Spicer; "there's a closet in the next room with a door to it—I suppose it's there Dempton was."

"So there is," replied Atkins; "I noticed it when Dempton showed us his wife's clothes hanging there. Now I think of it," continued Atkins, half to himself, as if studying out the point, "I noticed, too, in what a clumsy way the door was hung, so that it opened right back against the window, and shut it up. Spicer! that door would have shut in all light of the candle, and not let Nep see half of it."

The three men stared at each other for a moment in silence.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the planter, who had hitherto said nothing; "do you suppose he could have hid the body THERE," pointing to where the door, by the negro's account, should have been, "and then walled it up?"

Spicer was leaning with his hands behind him against the very spot, and shot from it with a convulsive spring. Atkins raised his hands and eyes to heaven.

Conviction came like a flash with the words just spoken. Nep disappeared, with how much or little of noise no one of them noticed till a loud cry rose out of doors, and, as those who saw him said, the negro went tearing down the path like a crazy creature, crying, "Dey's foun' de body! dey's foun' de body!" and then suddenly the poor fellow fell down in a fit.

The excitement created was fearful. Women screamed. Shouts of men were presently mingled with deep oaths. A rush from all sides was made for the house. The three men in the fatal room above had scarce time to recover from their first shock, when their silence was broken by the tramping and struggling of the excited throng. So unseemly a thing could not have happened but for the fact that the nervous tension to which they had all been subjected had become nearly unbearable, and nature itself demanded some physical outlet. Atkins now gave proof of that sturdiness of spirit of which indications have already appeared. He met the first who reached the upper floor, looking almost like madmen, with an uplifted hand, and a manner so collected and solemn, that its calming effect was instantly felt.

"For God's sake," he cried in a strong, earnest tone, "keep cool! Don't act in this wild way. It's all too soon. Nothing's found out yet. Let us behave like men who have a most solemn duty to perform."

They were crowding him more and more into the doorway from the larger into the smaller room, those behind still pressing up in the fierce excitement of the moment. He raised his voice to its full pitch, with the authority such exigence gives.

"Friends! neighbors! listen to me. Some of you back there, stop that rush, and help me to keep order. What are you after? There's nothing here that we've seen yet but an empty room. If there's anything to be found, we've got to find it. Let's go about it as orderly men should. Keep quiet, and I'll tell you all that has happened."

Such words, so spoken, had full effect. Indeed their passion had spent itself in its own outburst. Order was soon obtained, and then in a few clear words Atkins explained what the clue was which the negro had so unexpectedly put into their hands. By this time the front room, which was equal in size to the two smaller ones at the back that opened into it, was literally packed full—an idea of something proving powerful enough to keep

them from passing through the door at which Atkins stood, except a little way under the great pressure from behind. No one stepped in of his own accord. To their credit it must be said, that as soon as the necessity for greater freedom to move about appeared, most of their number voluntarily descended and awaited the result below.

Of the three rooms, one, as already stated, ran across the front of the house. The two at the back opened from it, and were made of unequal size by a rough stairway up into the loft, under the peak of the roof, constructed against the partition that divided the rooms. The space underneath this was fashioned into the closet which Atkins had observed. All three rooms had been roughly plastered by Dempton himself at the time when he had professed to be preparing for Elsey's return.

The first step taken was to examine the closet. With their attention thus directed to it, its depth, which should have been equal to the width of the stairway into the loft, seemed considerably less; on measurement it proved to be so. They listened at the inner partition of the closet while a strong rapping was made upon the wall of the next room. It was evident that there was a space between that deadened the sound. Thus the presumption of a secret there to be disclosed increased. Why need they approach it so gradually when a few blows of an axe would penetrate the concealed space—if it were there? Men naturally shrink from breaking violently in upon the dark silence of such a spot. They move about it till grown somewhat familiar with it. But at last there was nothing else to be done. Dempton's own store of tools supplied what was wanted. All the rest stood back while one vigorous arm knocked away the plaster and lath till there was made—a ghastly hole indeed! Who wanted to look at it? The recoil was general; and the expectant throng below, so eagerly awaiting the issue of the sounds they heard above, felt as if the horror were descending to them when they saw one strong man after another come almost tottering down the stairway, white as a sheet, and without uttering a word.

This was the first effect. At the immediate spot measures were soon taken to bring the whole secret to light. And a marvel of contrivance it was for such a purpose. A space some eighteen inches wide was carefully and closely plastered all round, except a concealed passage to

the outer air at the upper part. A layer of stones, also thickly plastered, composed its floor. On this bed—a bed of death, truly—were stretched the remains of a human form—rightly so termed, for the means taken to consume them had left but little. There was nothing to tell whose form it was, but of that there could be no doubt. To the few who had gone through that house before, and to whom that iron-nerved man had offered to take down the sister's clothing from the very partition that concealed the brother's fearful tomb, how strange it seemed that they could have been so blind, when now the story of his proceedings could be so plainly read in almost every step.

Dempton's first care, having slain Elsey, was to conceal his body; how he did it is sufficiently indicated above without entering into detail. The closet under the stairway to the loft was an afterthought. The rooms had originally communicated through the door which the negro had so strangely seen; and when he had completed his plan, Dempton had taken the door down and carried the side wall of the room smoothly over.

But what a head and heart, and what nerves, that could plan and execute all this, and, when done, endure to be with it day and night for months! There were some tokens, indeed, that Dempton had spent a portion of his time in and around the small barn; but they were so slight as not to carry conviction. One would like to believe it. Not that the actual difference between being under the same roof and only a little way off was so great; but it would indicate that the man had not stifled all his humanity.

It was afterwards ascertained that Elsey had taken with him to Carolina a large sum of money—the proceeds of his whole property. It was for this that Dempton had planned craftily, sinned ruthlessly, and succeeded. For he was heard of no more. There was no one to press inquiry and pursuit. He had gained a start, at any rate, that probably would have rendered pursuit useless. It was a half-century ago, when telegraphs were unknown, railways scarce beginning, and the policeman not yet evolved out of the constable. Dempton was content to renounce utterly what little property he left behind for what he carried with him.

He succeeded—that is, he was not pursued, brought back, and hung; without which palpable demonstration that justice overtakes the criminal, it seems to some

minds as if the moral government of the world were not vindicated.

Nor am I able to tell that the money that was so ill got brought a curse with it in the shape of vicious indulgence, and entanglement in other snares of sin, from the immediate consequences of which there was no second escape.

But I have failed in giving an idea of this man, if they who have followed this history must have ocular proof of his punishment. It was no shallow nature that had so yielded to the tempter—no nature to be enervated by bad success. Money could purchase no sensual indulgence that he would care for, to stupefy that vigorous mind. But strong natures, vigorous minds, and purposes that are not only bad, but base, often go together in this world. For years he had trained himself to think and act for such a purpose. That training invigorated him, not only to attain his end, but, what he did not think of, to be punished afterwards. Neither in meditating nor in consummating that crime had he joined himself to the criminal class, to live their life henceforth. Their excitements and pleasures were not for him. Let him go where he might, and apply himself to any occupation that suited a spirit like his, the characteristic qualities he could bring to it were stamped with the mark of those years of dreadful training. He could but coin fresh tokens of the parts in every act and hour of his future course, which—shall we call it successful, because it did not end on the gallows? Though no record of him remains, one saddens at the idea of the gloom in which such a life must have been passed, and ended.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
CHARLES KINGSLEY.\*

THE greater part of the work of the world is always carried on by people who are working well within themselves, who could do at any given moment far more than they are doing, who could very probably do very much more permanently than they are ever likely to do—at a cost which they dimly divine and are unwilling to meet. In the case of ordinary men and women who have commonplace work to do, we accept this tendency without re-

\* Charles Kingsley, his Letters and Memories of his Life. Edited by his Wife. London: H. S. King & Co., 1876.

mark, and as we decline to study its more accessible manifestations, we are naturally confused by its effects upon natures which are raised in different degrees by special gifts above the common level. In really great men like Goethe, and Milton, and Marlborough, and Wordsworth, it impresses us with a welcome sense of power held in reserve; there are others in whom it strikes us as fastidiousness, of which we do not venture to complain. We wish that Campbell, or Gray, or Leonardo da Vinci had given us more, but the work which such men do for us is so excellent in its different kinds, that we dare not bid them force their gift. When the superiority is less marked we are more exacting, at least when the possessor of the superiority tries to find a career in its cultivation. We are severe upon the wasted lives of those who have talent enough to begin some work out of the common hopefully, and not strength enough to carry them on from intention to execution without fatigue, which often impoverishes the work, and yet more often disenchants the worker. Or we insist that, up to forty or fifty at any rate, a worker whose first work was good shall continue to improve with practice; we do not reflect that the spontaneous activity of the brain, like the spontaneous activity of the muscles, begins to decline very soon after growth is complete, and that impressions are assimilated far more perfectly when they are not collected with a view to the market. Most of those to whom this rule is applied think it hard, most of those who apply it think it necessary, though they never dream of applying it to those who are very unmistakably above themselves. But there have always been those of all degrees of greatness who have applied the rule to themselves, who have chosen to live at high pressure, though they were not unaware that it is easier and safer to live at low. Men so unlike as Raffaelle, and Schiller, and Mendelssohn, and Mozart, and Dickens, and Kingsley are alike in this, that they gave all that it was in them to give, and did all that it was in them to do. We may say of some of them that their lives were not worthy of their art, even then we can hardly say that the art was marred by the life. Could Mozart have done better? Could Raffaelle have done more? Pure excitements wore out Mendelssohn as fast as less pure excitements wore out these; the feverish endeavor of Charles Kingsley may have been more spiritual in aim and motive than the yet more feverish industry

of Charles Dickens, it was equally deadly in its result.

We feel that his widow has chosen the right motto for her memorial of him:—

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormy seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly  
please.

He said himself in his speech at the Lotus Club, in 1874:—

One of the kind wishes expressed for me is long life. Let anything be asked for me except that. Let us live hard, work hard, go a good pace, get to our journey's end as soon as possible — then let the post-horse get his shoulder out of the collar. . . . I have lived long enough to feel, like the old post-horse, very thankful as the end draws near. . . . Long life is the last thing that I desire. It may be that, as one grows older, one acquires more and more the painful consciousness of the difference between what *ought* to be done and what *can* be done, and sits down more quietly when one gets the wrong side of fifty, to let others start up to do for us things we cannot do for ourselves. But it is the highest pleasure that a man can have who has (to his own exceeding comfort) turned down the hill at last, to believe that younger spirits will rise up after him, and catch the lamp of truth, as in the old lamp-bearing race of Greece, out of his hand before it expires, and carry it on to the goal with swifter and more even feet.

It was only as he neared the wrong side of fifty (or the right) that he became willing to leave things which he wished done for others to do, but from the early years of a singularly happy marriage he was strangely familiar with the thought that it would be a blessed thing to have it all over. It was with him among the beauties of the Moselle when his enjoyment of them was keenest, as well as among the cares of his parish and the literary labors forced upon him by the cares of his family. One almost thinks his craving for death when life was most intense was like an ascetic's craving for pain when rapture is at its highest — best understood, so far as either is intelligible, as the reaction of nature under a perpetual strain. Few who succeed as ascetics would have been happy or useful under the conditions of ordinary life: one cannot say that of Kingsley; his good-will, his ready sympathies, his quick perception, his fearlessness would have brought him comfortable employment and earned him honorable distinction if he had been content to take life at the rate of other country parsons. It almost seems as if it might have been so if circumstances had been a little easier — if he had had a

very moderate amount of private fortune, if he had come into a living with a clear income instead of having to spend borrowed money to make the house habitable, and repair in other ways the neglect of his predecessor, he might have been able to give more scope to his "favorite occupation" of "doing nothing," and to avoid to some extent what he disliked most, "work of any kind." He would still have been a notable observer, a famous fisherman, a telling preacher, a hearty friend; he would still have been vehement against injustice, or what he thought injustice; but, as he disciplined what was excessive in this vehemence, he might easily have come to the conclusion to which most men come—that it is best to do one's own share of the world's work and leave other people to do theirs; he would have gained something and lost much, and escaped much also.

However this may be, there was much in his disposition as well as in his circumstances to mark him out for a strenuous life. He said himself, writing in 1865 to Mr. Galton on his book on "Hereditary Talent":—

We are but the *disjecta membra* of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power; and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (seventy-nine), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl.

His father was ordained late in life, having come to the end of his career as a Hampshire country gentleman at the age of thirty through his guardians' improvidence and his own. He went to read for orders at Cambridge, and there became acquainted with Dr. Herbert Marsh, then Margaret Professor of Divinity, whose interest in German literature he shared. In theology the elder Mr. Kingsley was rather of the school of Simeon, but perhaps we may trace Dr. Marsh's influence in the resolution with which he stood up for geology at a time when a clergyman could not do so without courage. The connection bore fruit in other ways: Mr. Kingsley's first cure was in the Fens; Dr. Marsh, when Bishop of Peterborough, made him one of his examining chaplains, and gave him one of his best livings to hold for his son, then seventeen.

Mrs. Kingsley came of a West Indian family; her father was a man of books

and science, the intimate friend of Sir Joseph Banks and the distinguished John Hunter. At the time of the panic caused in Barbadoes by the earthquake wave, and darkness which accompanied the great eruption of the Souffrière of St. Vincent, "he opened his window, found it stick, and felt upon the sill a coat of powder. 'The volcano at St. Vincent has broken out at last,' said the wise man, 'and this is the dust of it.' So he quieted his household and his negroes, and went to his scientific books."

Charles Kingsley was born at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, in 1819: he only remained there six weeks, as his father was removing to another curacy in Nottinghamshire; but his mother had enjoyed the scenery upon his account as well as her own, and he always felt himself a Devonshire man. As a child Kingsley suffered more than once from brain fever, and was moved into a haunted room at Barnack Rectory, where he heard too many ghosts ever to believe in them in later life, though his imagination was still haunted by what he had experienced or fancied. In 1864, he gave the following characteristic *rationale* of the matter to Mrs. Francis Pelham:—

MY DEAR ALICE,—Of Button Cap—he lived in the great north room at Barnack (where I was *not* born). I knew him well. He used to walk across the room in flopping slippers, and turn over the leaves of books to find the missing deed whereof he had defrauded the orphan and the widow. He was an old rector of Barnack. Everybody heard him who chose. Nobody ever saw him; but in spite of that he wore a flowered dressing-gown, and a cap with a button on it. I never heard of any skeleton being found; and Button Cap's history had nothing to do with murder, only with avarice and cheating.

Sometimes he turned cross and played *Pottergeist*, as the Germans say, rolling the barrels in the cellar about with surprising noise, which was undignified. So he was always ashamed of himself, and put them all back in their places before morning.

I suppose he is gone now. Ghosts hate mortally a certificated national schoolmaster, and (being a vain and peevish generation) as soon as people give up believing in them, go away in a huff—or perhaps some one had been laying phosphoric paste about, and he ate thereof and ran down to the pond, and drank till he burst. He was rats.

Your affectionate uncle,  
C. KINGSLEY.

When he was four years old, Kingsley preached his first sermon, which his mother wrote down and showed to Bishop Marsh,

who told her to keep it. Some sentences are prophetic of his later teaching. "Honesty has no chance against stealing. . . . Nobody can tell how the devil can be chained in hell. . . . If humanity, honesty, and good religion fade, we can to a certainty get them back by being good again. Religion is reading good books, doing good actions, and not telling lies and speaking evil, and not calling their brother fool and Raca." The first poems, composed eight months later, are less remarkable, and as a schoolboy his tastes and character were more conspicuous than his abilities. When he was eleven his parents had settled for five years at Clovelly, after a halt of ten months at Ilfracombe: he was sent to a preparatory school at Clifton (where he saw the Bristol riots, which scared him into strong Toryism), and thence to the grammar-school at Helston, then under the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, where he became intimate with R. Cowley Powles, who contributes some interesting letters and recollections. His translations into English verse were good, he worked fitfully at classics and mathematics, geologized eagerly, and botanized with passion; he had much information, which his schoolfellows had not, and was accordingly unpopular, because, without intending to snub them, he produced the effect. Moreover, though he was strong and active, he was not expert at games of any kind; on the other hand, he bore pain wonderfully, and excelled in all feats that required nerve and daring. At the age of fifteen he composed much poetry in verse and prose, of which Mr. Powles has preserved some interesting specimens: one called "*Hypotheses Hypochondriacæ*," on the death of a certain young lady, who, it appears, did not die, is in verse, and contains a good deal of observation of Devonshire landscape, and innocent Byronic sentiment, forcibly and musically expressed; the other, "*Psyche*," a rhapsody, probably refers indirectly to the same occasion; *Psyche* seeks love through the world and only finds it in God, and when she is gone the world misses her. He had come now to take an interest in the love of others, if not to have a serious love of his own: his interest showed itself characteristically in eager advice to his schoolfellow; he bids him "teach her a love of nature. Stir her imagination, and excite her awe and delight by your example. . . . Teach her to love God, teach her to love nature." He had already views on art, and, as Mr. Powles reminds us, it was not the fashion for boys to have views on art forty years

ago. His views were perhaps as enlightened as Shelley's; he thought Vandkyne and Murillo the most exquisitely poetical of all painters, while Rubens was magnificent but terrible.

Hitherto his life had been happy, except for the shock of his brother Herbert's death; but the change in 1836 from Clovelly to Chelsea, and from Helston to King's College, was anything but a welcome one. He found clerical society, into which his family were naturally thrown, intolerably "shoppy;" all the details of parish work were disgusting to his boyish fastidiousness and his aristocratic prejudices. He had no relaxation that suited him, except the society of one or two acquaintances, no exercise except the tramp from Chelsea to the Strand, and from the Strand to Chelsea. It is not surprising that he overworked himself in a way that he remembered as long as he lived, with perceptible injury to his health, and more serious injury to the tone of his mind.

He was well prepared when he went to Cambridge, and obtained a scholarship at Magdalene in his first year; but the curriculum was thoroughly distasteful to him at the time, though, when he came to lecture on the school of Alexandria, he had argued himself into admiration of the discipline against which he had rebelled. The reaction was not long delayed; he was his own master if he dared to be, and he had never known the fear either of man or of more than man as a motive for obedience. He was always, indeed, a dutiful son, but his respect for his father's person took the form, even in later life, of holding that his father's opinions had never given his abilities fair play. The disease of "emancipation," which few clever young men escape, unless they are very modest and their elders very wise, attacked him in its severest form. He disbelieved almost all that he had been taught, and then was distressed at not knowing what to believe. He neglected his work and gave himself up to wild sports in the Fens, which then presented much of the bleak picturesqueness that he has immortalized in his prose idyls. He was very popular, but not very sociable, as few of his contemporaries cared for such strenuous amusements, and sowed their wild oats without so much heart-searching.

On July 6, 1839, on a visit to Oxfordshire, Kingsley met his future wife, Fanny, the daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger, his wife. Some fifteen years afterwards he said, "That was my real wedding-day." At first this only

intensified the crisis. Circumstances seemed to give the lover very little hope ; in intervals of recklessness Kingsley thought of joining the prairie hunters, a scheme which he remembered when he travelled across America in 1873, when he met his brother, Dr. Kingsley (of whom, as of his other brother, we hear very little), in Colorado. But from the first, the influence of a pure and passionate attachment told. Mrs. Kingsley has naturally felt that the time has not come to tell the whole story ; we have to read between the lines ; and, after all, we cannot be sure how much of autobiography there is in the story of Lancelot and Argemone. The conjecture that there is something would force itself upon us, even if Mrs. Kingsley did not suggest it by comparing her husband to his own Lancelot. From some allusions to the period in his later letters, it would seem that there was a time when Lancelot was more nearly inclined to agree altogether with Argemone than Argemone knew. The nearest approach to an admission is a letter of December, 1840, where he says, "If I ever believe Christianity, it will be in that spirit in which you believe in it. There is no middle course between deism or the highest and most monarchical system of Catholicism. Between the two I waver." A letter of the next month explains his deference to her judgment : —

How I envy, as a boy, a woman's life at the corresponding age — so free from mental control as to the subjects of thought and reading — so subjected to it as to the manner and the tone ! We, on the other hand, are forced to drudge at the acquirement of confessedly obsolete and useless knowledge, of worn-out philosophies, and scientific theories long exploded — while our finer senses and our conscience are either seared by sensuality, or suffered to run riot in imagination and excitement, and at last to find every woman who has made even a moderate use of her time, far beyond us in true philosophy.

In June, 1841, he wrote of Tract 90 : —

Whether wilful or self-deceived, these men are Jesuits, taking the oath to the articles with moral reservations which allow them to explain them away in senses utterly different from those of their authors. All the worst doctrinal features of Popery Mr. Newman professes to believe in.

The nearest approach to a relaxation of this harsh judgment is to be found in a letter of 1865 to Maurice, where he says, "The Tract-90 argument was quite fair — if its author could have used it fairly."

But although he rejected the system so impetuously, it came very near to domi-

nating him ; he never lost the sense of what he owed it, or of what he had inferred from it, and it is just here that the narrative fails us. Kingsley's courage made his letters at the time the expression of his resistance, and not of the concessions which were half involuntary. The indication we get from a letter of his early married life, in which he says to his wife, "Was it not better and more poetical in my sorrow to use mortification than to bewail the moon" in verse. One is reminded of Argemone sleeping upon the ground in sympathy with the distress of Lancelot. The truth of the matter we suspect is as follows. Kingsley's muscles and senses were far more vigorous than the rest of his constitution : looking only to his strength, he was fit for an athlete ; looking only at his temperament, he was fitter for a monk. His brain, or his personality, as we may choose to phrase it, was steadily on the side of the robust and active element, but was never impervious to the other. Hence all who were really intimate with him were struck by the union of the most exquisite tenderness with a manliness that often seemed aggressive. Hence, too, his personal predilection for mystical writers, even when he felt bound to protest against what he thought their demoralizing quietism. Hence, too, one is tempted to guess, an impulse to complete his conversion by renouncing his love, an impulse which may have been the stronger because the sense of unworthiness, which is to be found in all true lovers, was very strong in him. It is hard not to suspect some personal animosity in his reprobation of the depreciation of wedded love which for him was the one damning sin of asceticism.

Another consequence of Kingsley's constitution was extreme intellectual impatience. The impudent muscular energy which made mental application in itself a penance, became comparatively manageable by the help of tobacco, which he learned to prize at Cambridge, though we find that when he had long been a hard-working country parson, he could not work at writing when the weather interfered with energetic exercise. But the exuberant vitality asserted itself in another way — he threw himself readily into a combative attitude and condemned before he understood. After reading ten lines of Palmer on the Church, he was sure that the book was too sophistical and dangerous for his correspondent to read until she could read it with him, and was ready to convict the citations of the "Tract-writers" of bad faith on the strength of the counter-

citations of Dean Goode. This, of course, was in his salad days, when he was green in judgment, and thought Salisbury Cathedral a monument of elegant soul-crushing austerity; but years after he seriously maintained that the successful activity of the clergy promised nothing for the permanence or prosperity of the Establishment, unless the Church comprehended the necessity of an alliance with Arnolism, because, "as we who know history know," the last fifty years before the Reformation were full of just the same superficial activity and improvement, the proof being, that during those years the fashion of founding colleges of priests, instead of monasteries, came in, and that many churches were built in Somersetshire.

Kingsley's leanings to democracy seem to have come from Carlyle, whose "French Revolution" and "Past and Present" did much to decide him to take orders. Oddly enough, he was introduced to Carlyle's writings by the same influence as that which led him back to comparative orthodoxy; but one must not forget that Carlyle has done so much to rehabilitate the past, that those who wished to restore it might for a time mistake him for an ally. He influenced Kingsley on two sides: he familiarized him with the conception which he and many since have taken for an evangel, though Schiller formulated it as a *pis aller*.

Die Welt-geschichte is das Welt-gericht.

He familiarized him, too, with the belief that every privilege had to be justified, and could not claim to be respected simply because it was there. Besides, the theory of democracy was in the air. Kingsley was impressed, like De Tocqueville, by the growing power of large masses of the proletariat and the growing disorganization of what remained of the old hierarchical system. Like De Tocqueville, he was slow to perceive that the proletariat was completely incapable of wielding the same extent of power that the chiefs of the old order had possessed, and that consequently the old directing classes would be able to retain indefinitely large powers of obstruction at any rate, and were likely to be reinforced at various points by the egotism of a *parvenu* oligarchy. Nor was it then so clear as now how small a proportion of the proletariat is capable of anything like sustained political passion, and Kingsley's illusions were more pardonable because he lived through the Chartist agitation and the Revolution of 1848 before he was

thirty. There was another more personal and more honorable reason for Kingsley's illusions in the fact that he was able to make friends of uncultivated people without any painful effort of condescension, a gift which is probably becoming rarer and rarer among the cultivated, while it tends increasingly to consign its possessors to a not wholly enviable eminence as "trusted friends and advisers of the working classes." Eversley was moreover a democratic parish of "heth croppers," hereditary poachers on Windsor Forest and other preserves in the neighborhood, and surrounded by commons which helped to maintain their independence in more innocent ways.

He went there six months after taking his degree, which was better than his friends had expected. For the last year he had read steadily, and for the last six months violently; his mind had recovered its tone as a result of so much exertion conscientiously, though, as he thought at the time unprofitably, applied; and though his letters of the time are full of awestruck humility about himself, deepened by a mystical estimate of the clerical office, one is struck by the unhesitating tone in which he advises his friends on the gravest subjects often when dead-tired in body or mind, or both, as he tells his correspondents frankly.

His life at Eversley at first was full of hardship; he was only curate, there were no gentry in the parish, he lived in a cottage, working hard, faring, hard chopping wood for exercise, one might almost say for recreation, reading historical and unhistorical lives of saints and famishing for intellectual intercourse. For part of the time he had the farther trial of being cut off from all communication with his future wife, and nothing in the whole narrative of his life becomes him better than this passage in it: all the letters to his betrothed, including the letter of farewell on the eve of a parting — which for all that either knew, might last for life — are full of obstinate thanksgiving, he is so far from claiming pity that he will not even give it. With him, love is enough, for eternity will make amends for time. Nor was there anything in his faith to deprecate this life and its duties; his very ground for believing that the law of perfection was binding here was his immovable confidence in its transcendental fulfilment there, and although his love to the law doubtless sustained the confidence, the confidence deepened the love; it is a common experience which deserves more at-

tention than it has received, that most men abandon their wishes when the beliefs which those wishes have suggested appear to break down.

As the period of separation to which Kingsley had assented drew to a close, the prospects of the lovers brightened. He received the offer of a more desirable curacy, and their engagement was sanctioned. Before he went to Pimperne, the rector of Eversley had absconded, and the parishioners wisely exerted themselves to secure Kingsley as his successor. His brief stay at Pimperne brought him into contact with S. G. O., who was deep in statistics and abuses, and the condition of the Dorsetshire farm-laborer, not cheerful now, was more than disheartening then, as Kingsley wrote: “‘What is the use of my talking to hungry paupers about heaven? Sir,’ as my clerk said to me yesterday; ‘there is a weight on their hearts, and they care for no hope and no change, for they know they can be no worse off than they are.’” At Eversley the task was less overwhelming. “He found a kindly people, civil and grateful for notice, and as yet wholly uninjured by indiscriminate almsgiving.” His regular house-to-house visiting conquered them. “If a man or woman were suffering or dying, he would go to them five or six times a day—and night as well as day—for his own heart’s sake as well as for their soul’s sake.” His only recreation was fishing; he would not shoot because the population were poachers; he could not afford to hunt, though latterly he sometimes followed the hounds on an old hack, but from the beginning his knowledge and love of horses and dogs won the hearts of the stablesmen and whippers-in of Sir John Cope’s hounds. “When the first confirmation after his induction was given out in church, and he invited all who wished to be confirmed to come down to the rectory for weekly instruction, the stud-groom, a respectable man of five-and-thirty, was among the first to come, bringing a message from the whips and stables to say that they had all been confirmed once, but if Mr. Kingsley wished it they would all be happy to come again.”

While Kingsley was bringing Eversley into some approach to order, it was daily becoming more apparent how far England was from being safe and orderly. It is very difficult to realize how menacing the clouds seemed which gathered and passed without bursting, but thirty or forty years ago nearly all thoughtful observers seem to have been convinced that heroic meas-

ures of some kind, something like a national reformation, a conversion to purified feudalism—or Christian socialism, or socialism without Christianity, or strict Benthamism and Malthusianism—were indispensable if England was to be saved from final ruinous decay, or at any rate from a bloody revolution. There has been no national conversion, no general adoption of heroic remedies. The only radical change has been the adoption of free trade in corn, and England at the present moment is as safe and prosperous as any nation has ever been, and may look forward reasonably and soberly to going on from good to better by the diffusion of an interest daily less fitful, because more intelligent in the application of very unheroic remedies. This interest is still kept up by the devotion of a minority, very far from unheroic, who impress upon the majority the importance of always doing a little in the right direction. At the beginning of the movement it was natural that this minority should have their whole minds set upon the need for fundamental change, and should gather into little groups with the object of initiating the application of heroic remedies on a small scale, not having yet learned from experience the beneficent effect of unheroic remedies largely applied.

One of these groups gathered round the late Mr. Maurice, and Kingsley was for some ten years one of its most active and influential members, more influential and more active perhaps than the titular chief, for we are inclined to think that Mr. Maurice’s part in the battle (a very real part, since it sustained his followers) was to lift up his hands on the mountain. For Kingsley himself these years were the most fruitful of his life, the years of his most decisive activity as a parson and politician, as an author and as a director of souls. They were years also of conflict which astonishes us by its violence. The crust of prejudice or principle which still held the old order together was very thin, as is shown by the ease with which it has yielded to the dissolvent influences of the last ten years; but those who thirty years ago were struck with the menacing instability of a fabric already undermined found the shell still cruelly hard. It was this sense of isolation, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, which made Kingsley take the *nom-de-plume* of Parson Lot in his writings addressed to working-men; he felt himself a solitary ineffectual preacher of repentance in a city which deserved to be rained upon with

fire and brimstone. The tone of his addresses one thinks ought even then to have given little offence to conservatives. The main burden of his teaching was that working-men must emancipate themselves from the tyranny of their own vices before they could be emancipated from the tyranny of bad social arrangements; that they must cultivate the higher elements of a common humanity in themselves before they could obtain their share in the heritage of national civilization. He consistently discouraged every approach to illegality or violence, and on the memorable 10th of April he and his associates worked as hard as the Duke of Wellington to keep the peace. But the great body of the respectable and orthodox regarded it as a crime in a beneficed clergyman to enter into amicable intercourse for any purpose whatever with revolutionists, especially when he admitted that the revolutionists had grievances, and stated those grievances with as much emphasis as if he had been prepared to join in revolutionary action. The rôle of Mentor is always thankless, and Kingsley had more than his share of its trials and less than his share of its rewards and consolations, such as they are. From first to last, too, he felt for his clients rather than with them; their wrongs made his blood boil, but their aspirations hardly made his heart beat higher. There is little in his letters, or the recollections of his associates, to show that he admired the working-men leaders with whom he came in contact; there is a good deal to deepen the impression made by "Alton Locke," that he was often struck by their absurd pretentiousness and unreality. An agitation in which members of different classes meet, is generally a happy hunting-ground for some of the most worthless members of both, and Kingsley had, as Mr. Hughes tells us, all the fastidiousness of an aristocrat, and disliked all wilful eccentricity. In every-day life he appreciated the comfort of undress quite sufficiently, but it shocked him to be associated with men, one of whom was capable of attending an important deputation in plush gloves. Then, too, if the leaders, with their theories of popular sovereignty, went beyond him, he went beyond the mass of the rank and file in the extent of the social reconstruction he desired. To his mind the principles of association and competition stood in sharp contrast, with nothing very solid or visible between. The ideal of English artisans has always been "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work;" not to get rid of

masters, but to agree with them on customary terms, subject to equitable revision from time to time. But Kingsley's ideal was that working-men should unite to be their own masters. The establishment of such an association is the conclusion to which he works up in his famous pamphlet on the distress in the tailoring trade. When the association failed (partly by bad workmanship, and partly, no doubt, because, when the glut of cheap Irish labor ceased, the ordinary trade got back to a comparatively wholesome state), and when other associations failed too, Kingsley saw nothing for the working classes to do but to "sit and consider themselves." In many respects he was twenty or thirty years ahead of his contemporaries, but he agreed with the economists in seeing only the failures of trades' unions, and the waste of unsuccessful contests, and in leaving out of sight the promise of future victory and the barriers already raised against oppression.

But no divergence of views and no fastidiousness of taste were allowed to interfere with his labors for the good cause: by the end of 1848 he had worked himself to a standstill. He had published "The Saint's Tragedy," and written "Yeast" in *Fraser*, and worked hard all the time at Eversley and among the Chartists, and at the Queen's College for working-men, to say nothing of some vehement and elaborate letters of spiritual advice.

While resting at Ilfracombe the idea of "Alton Locke" came to him. It developed itself with so much freshness and clearness, that he accepted it as an inspiration from above, and prayed against spoiling it. It is an advance upon "Yeast" in every way; one does not feel, as in "Yeast," that the story is arranged simply to give the hero occasions for talking trenchantly of matters which he does not understand; and it is an artistic gain that the writer is idealizing his observation rather than his experience. Both being written at a red heat, are far superior to his first work, "The Tragedy of St. Elizabeth," which represents the outcome of years of reading and meditation. Ever since leaving Cambridge he had contemplated writing her life, and that of St. Theresa as a pendant, to exhibit, as he supposed, the twofold aspect of the ascetic ideal upon the practical and the contemplative side. The half of the scheme that was executed shows that a poem with a purpose ought not to be too elaborate. The historical appreciation is falsified throughout; it was not Conrad, but the

democrats whom he burnt, that were Manichees; St. Elizabeth did not find Conrad's yoke heavy because it came between her and her home, but because she was naturally unmethodical, and took a childlike pleasure in giving. Montalembert believed in her far more implicitly than Kingsley, but he lets us see far more clearly that if she had not been a saint she would have been a goose.

Though "Yeast" was written first, it did not appear as a book till 1851, and in the interval he had formed and discarded plans for a second and third parts. In one, Luke, Claude, and Lancelot were to work out the ecclesiastical, pagan, and naturalist tendencies in art, and the result of the last experiment was to be Tregarva's conversion from Puritanism to an appreciation of art among other good gifts. In the other, Argemone was to undertake the regeneration of Whitefoord, and to fail until guided by Lancelot into the true gospel of the time. When "Yeast" did appear, it was a signal for a storm: the purpose of the book had been deliberately left to the reflection of the reader, and though this, when discovered, was edifying, or at worst unobjectionable, the temper and method of the book must have seemed objectionable enough; besides which, the doctrines that moral and spiritual life has a physiological basis, and that good comes out of evil which practically would not come without, never easy of digestion, appeared doubly offensive in an author who had nothing positive to suggest, and proclaimed the religious and intellectual bankruptcy of the existing system. The *Guardian's* review was of a kind which the author was almost justified in meeting with the compendious retort of Father Valerian, "*Mentiris impudentissime.*"

There was a longer interval before the appearance of "Hypatia," which was undertaken partly as a business speculation, like all the writings which followed it. After completing the first draft of "Yeast," he had more than half agreed to give up novel-writing: he was busy without it, and though what he called his "blessed habit of intensity" doubled his working power, it was no guarantee against exhaustion. But silence was a real difficulty to a man whose convictions were energetic and singular, and "Alton Locke" had brought money—which was wanted. He decided to take a curate to have time for writing, and a pupil or pupils in order to find funds to pay a curate. "Hypatia" was written *con amore*; in one of his letters while the

work was in progress, he calls her "a little darling," which is a stronger sign of paternal affection than he bestowed on either of the later novels which have the mellowness of over-ripe fruit, or even upon "The Water Babies," his last great and spontaneous success.

Before the publication of "Hypatia," Kingsley was mainly occupied with sanitary reform, a subject forced upon him by the epidemic of cholera in 1849, by the unhealthy state of his own parish, and by his discoveries in the worst parts of London, and also by the perception that the social problem was too large to attack as a whole, and that in pressing for the necessity of pure air and pure water, the risk of premature and doubtful theories was less than in dealing with political or economical problems. Even in "Alton Locke" he had expressed a wish that the working-classes would adjourn their political aspirations altogether in favor of social reforms, and in October, 1850, we find him writing to Maurice:—

All my old roots are tearing up one by one; and though I keep a gallant "front" before the Charlotte Street people (Council of Association), little they know of the struggles within me, the laziness, the terror. Pray for me; I could lie down and cry sometimes. A poor fool of a fellow, and yet feeling thrust upon all sorts of great and unspeakable paths, instead of being left in peace to classify butterflies and catch trout.

The same month he wrote to Mr. J. M. Ludlow about the *Christian Socialist*, whose epitaph he was to write in June 9, 1852, with wonderful eagerness and hopefulness urging that the contributors should not write down to the working classes in any way, but pour out their whole souls in a truly democratic spirit, treating their readers as ripe for the highest teaching that it was well to attempt to lay before any section of the nation. While he grudged no efforts and no risks, Kingsley was always on his guard against the prudery of equality, in which he recognized another disguise of his lifelong enemy, the spirit of asceticism. He resented theories which called men to give up beer and tobacco, or meat, as he resented the theory which called men to give up marriage. He would have agreed with Robespierre that atheism was an aristocratic vice, and he held that asceticism was aristocratic too. The ascetic claims for himself a privileged position in the next life, and is often at once the parasite and the patron of all who have reached a privileged position in this. Neo-Platonic spiritualism

was of course aristocratic too—it crushed our common nature in the interests of a special culture only accessible to the few, and from this point of view the writer was justified in regarding "Hypatia" as a democratic book, though to the uninitiated reader the democratic tendency is not very apparent.

"Hypatia" is a brilliant attempt to apprehend imaginatively the life of a period which could not yet be apprehended scientifically; its success marks something of a turning-point in Kingsley's career: hitherto his reputation had been that of a party chief; "Hypatia" gave him reputation of a wider and more peaceful kind, at a time when the struggle in which he had been engaged was dying away, partly by the desertion of the combatants and partly by the abatement of the national distress. Henceforward we may say that to reconcile the Church and democracy was only a secondary object with him, his primary object was to reconcile science and the creeds. From the beginning the fear of materialism had haunted him, and he had already endeavored to meet in "Phaeton" the floating doubts in which he rightly discerned the vanguard of a systematic assault upon all that has hitherto been recognized as religion. He has the merit of having anticipated the line of defence which apologists are still endeavoring to fortify: he insisted upon the dynamic and spiritual element in nature, feeling sure that most men, if they can be persuaded to dwell upon it, will find it easiest to conceive in the traditional anthropomorphic way. He also was one of the earliest to adopt a sophism which is rapidly getting accredited as a truism, that we ought to admire the beneficence of an order carried on under stable conditions, which we discover by the bad effects of neglecting them. "Hypatia," like most of his early efforts, was followed by an illness which necessitated a prolonged residence in Devonshire, to which we owe "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," which, oddly enough, is not enumerated in the chronological list of his writings placed at the end of the second volume of the memoirs.

In other ways the years from 1852 to 1859 were happy years for Kingsley. When the strain of the struggle for social reform was lightened, he overflowed in boyish gaiety to his fellow-workers, especially to Mr. Hughes. All the letters and verses connected with their fishing expedition to Snowdon in 1856 are among the very best things that Kingsley either did

or inspired; to be appreciated as they deserve they should be read at length—the riotous animal spirits let loose are contagious; but if one tries to select samples they are apt to be as insipid as bubbles if one could catch them from an effervescent spring.

By January, 1857, Kingsley had completed "Westward Ho!" and "Two Years Ago," the two most popular of his novels, and was able for the first time for three years to pass the winter at home. He began to be sought by persons of maturer years and better-fixed position than the young men who having shared the perplexities expressed in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," had found it natural to carry their troubles to a writer who had dared to avow the like.

The tragedy of the Indian Mutiny was a great shock to one whose happiness was so dependent on confidence in the order of the universe, and he missed one great pleasure in 1857, because when his friends proposed to him to go to the Art-Treasures' Exhibition at Manchester, he could not resolve to tear himself away from a sick parishioner who would have missed his daily visits. His health suffered again from confinement and over-exertion, and was not restored by a tour in Yorkshire which he undertook in view of a novel on the "Pilgrimage of Grace." The novel was partly written, but abandoned under the impression that it was degenerating into twaddle. He resolved to rest altogether, and to seek a new direction for his activity. When asked his opinion on Mansel's "Bampton Lectures," he replied that he had not read them and hardly knew whether he should; he had made up his mind on the subject and did not want to be disturbed, and thought that Mansel appeared to be making the mistake of regarding the divine action as conditioned by time.\* For himself he was going to repair his resources and then renew the attack on the side of physical science.

The course of events seconded this resolution: no one was more sensitive than Kingsley to the great changes produced in the intellectual atmosphere by the appearance within a couple of years of "Essays and Reviews," Darwin's "Origin of Species," and Mill's "Essay on Liberty." They did not affect him to the same extent or in the same direction. Mill's essay simply filled him with unreserved, unreflecting, perhaps unfruitful

\* It was characteristic of Kingsley to feel that the high value he put upon metaphysical distinctions dispensed him from giving much thought to metaphysics.

sympathy; Darwin's great work moved him far more powerfully: he was more convinced than ever that natural science was the subject of the day; he accepted Mr. Darwin's method and the great body of his facts with one characteristic reserve. He had no objection to the principle of evolution, but he could not apply it without precaution to ourselves; he thought it of the two more likely that existing anthropoid apes are degenerate men, than that men were the perfected descendants of extinct anthropoid apes. When the controversy between Huxley and Owen about the hippocampus minor was at its height, Kingsley attended the British Association and produced an amusing squib, which Mrs. Kingsley has done well to reprint, in which he calls Lord Dun-dreary of all people to pronounce judgment upon the knotty point. He could not bring himself to enter into such questions seriously; the excitement about them only convinced him the more of the value of the arcana which Cardinal Manning and Mr. St. George Mivart are so fond of pressing on an ungrateful world — the old Greek doctrine that the different kinds of bodies are constituted by different kinds of souls. A conviction of this kind is obviously too deep to be affected by ordinary arguments or discoveries of detail; on these, too, Kingsley felt inclined to form opinions of his own, and, considering how eagerly he followed the course of investigation, one cannot accuse him of presumption for conjecturing *inter alia* that "mimicry" among butterflies might be due to hybridism, especially as he was always ready to admit upon competent authority that the facts were against him, with the ready saving clause that they were much more wonderful than his own theory.

If the great impulse which Mr. Darwin gave to popular interest in natural science carried Kingsley forward in a direction of his own, the great shock given to prejudice by the publication of "Essays and Reviews" carried him rather back. The mere fact that others had gone beyond him was enough alone to give him rank as a moderate. Moreover he sincerely disapproved of the boldness of the essayists; he held that, whatever they might assert, they were responsible for each other. He wished the book had never been published; he wished that, being published, it had been let alone severely. It is true that Mr. Maurice pained and alarmed him by accusing him of rationalizing because he was ready to admit mistakes in the Bible

if proved, but he was very reluctant to look out for them. He described his attitude very naïvely in a letter, thanking the present Dean of Westminster for his lectures on the Jewish Church.

"I have dared to bid my people relinquish biblical criticism to those who have time for it, and to say of it with me, as Abraham of the planets, 'Oh! my people, I am clear of all these things; I turn myself to Him who made heaven and earth.'"

Meanwhile official recognition and promotion had come. He had been made a fellow of the Linnaean and Geographical Societies, an honor which he valued very highly; he had been appointed a queen's chaplain; he had made the acquaintance of the late prince consort, to whom he attached himself with instinctive loyalty; he had lectured to enthusiastic classes of ladies upon sanitary reform; he had been appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge, and had a large class of undergraduates, and a special class, including the Prince of Wales. He accepted his professorship in the hope of making himself independent of his income from literature; some may think that his success as professor was a severer satire upon the university than anything in "Alton Locke." The only course of lectures which he ever published is written in a fearful and wonderful dialect, and contains little or nothing beyond vague vivid amplification of elementary facts; but his lectures were crowded, and a fair proportion of his hearers were induced to study the best original authorities on his subjects.

Within a year of his appointment he published a revised edition of "Alton Locke" with a preface which may be described as a protest against his own conversion to conservatism: he exaggerated the change which had taken place in the world because he underrated the change in himself. He had come to hold that a democracy required the influences of an hereditary monarchy and aristocracy, and of a Church, and if possible an Established Church. He regretted that the relation of landlord and tenant could not be permanently settled upon an hereditary semi-feudal basis; he convinced himself that it was hopeless to dream of the reclamation of the comparatively fertile wastes of England by peasant squatters. His attitude during the American war is noticeable. He insisted that the distress in Lancashire was caused by over-speculation, quite as much as by the cotton famine, and pointed

out that a national subscription in aid of Lancashire poor-rates was rather unreasonable, considering that poor-rates had long been much heavier in Hampshire than in Lancashire at the time the subscription was called for, and that Hampshire, with all her faults, had never asked for a national subscription to save her from the consequences of her own mismanagement. When the Freedmen's Aid Fund was started after the war, he doubted whether a fund was wanted, and did not doubt at all that whatever was wanted ought to be raised in America, considering what West Indian emancipation (by which he personally had been a heavy loser) had cost England. No personal motive is needed to explain his zeal on behalf of Mr. Eyre; it was quite of a piece with his enthusiasm for Rajah Brooke; he judged both upon the same principles, though most readers will think that in Mr. Eyre's case it was more than doubtful if the principles applied.

Much of his youthful radicalism persisted and even grew. In the wet summer of 1860 he preached a famous sermon, which edified his farmers and shocked the clergy, to explain, in the first place, that a wet season coming after three dry ones probably does more good than harm; and in the second place, that pious people ought to be very much shocked at the thought that it is possible for our intensest wishes to act in some swift untraceable way upon the weather (which certainly acts swiftly and untraceably upon our wishes), because this would involve the dislocation of the whole order of the universe, which it is assumed can only be altered for the worse. One feels he had travelled far since he wrote in 1843, "Never let us get into the common trick of calling unbelief resignation, of asking, and then because we have not faith to believe, putting in a 'Thy will be done' at the end." He was more consistent in interesting himself in Mr. Mill's election for Westminster, which led to a correspondence in which Mr. Mill was always very deferential, and also to a share in the agitation for women's rights. From the suffrage agitation he soon withdrew, upon the ordinary ground that the best women were against it, and he had thought out, perhaps not unaided, the reasons for which the best women were against it: they all appear to be corollaries from the fact that the agitation has interested those women most in whom secondary sexual characteristics form the smallest element in their nature. But he still urged the medical

education of women, the more because he had a strong, if not an exaggerated, sense of the importance of all that depends upon sex, and was therefore anxious that people of both sexes should be in a position to study it practically and scientifically.

His course upon this question exemplifies a tendency which grows sooner or later upon most active men, and grew early upon him, the tendency to discard coherent schemes and concentrate one's interest upon a few points where activity, or at least impulse, can still play unimpeded. His piety, one might almost say, gathered itself up into stoicism, as his socialism had gathered itself up into zeal for sanitary work, as his intellectual activity had gathered itself up into zeal for promoting knowledge of natural history. The last was perhaps his chief source of happiness in a period which does not seem to have been very happy. The success of the Wellington College Museum, and of the botanical class at Chester, was very sweet to him; but many things, we gather, had lost their savor.

A man cannot enjoy a canonry very much when he takes it as Kingsley took his, both at Chester and at Westminster, as a matter of duty to his children, and a relief from literary task-work. There were tangible things, too, to vex him, such as the enclosure of Eversley Common, which spoiled the beauty of the parish, and interfered with the comfort of the poor; the successful opposition to the proposal to make him a D.C.L. at Oxford, on the ground of the crudities and nudities of "Hypatia"; and, worse still, his controversy with Dr. Newman, in which, as Mrs. Kingsley truly points out, his defeat was the more calamitous because of the generous impulses which made him anxious to withdraw as much as he could of a charge — which he did not see to be unfounded. Worse than all, it may be, were the beginnings of that growing sense of emptiness within, which so often comes as the sphere of outward activity widens. The letters from America are cold and meagre compared with the letters from the West Indies, as those are meagre compared with the letters from the South of France in 1865, to say nothing of the letters from the Rhine in 1851. One comes upon phrases like this: "As I ride, I jog myself and say, 'You stupid fellow, wake up. Do you see that? and that? Do you know where you are?' and my other self answers, 'Don't bother. I have seen so much, I can't take in any more; and I don't care about it all.'"

"I longed to get here, I have been more than satisfied with being here, and now I long to get back again." And this from St. Louis: "I wish already that our heads were homeward, and that we had done the great tour, and had it not to do."

There are many joyous phrases still; the bright bold spirit still turned gallantly to the sunshine. Once, at least, we get a flash of pathetically pure enjoyment, as in the lines on the "Delectable Day," put into his wife's hands on November 6th, 1872, and even this has a sad close: —

Ah, God! a poor soul can but thank thee  
For such a delectable day,  
Though the prig, the fool, and the swindler,  
To-morrow again have their way.

The end came before the sense that the days of pilgrimage were few, and evil had become habitual. He never regained his strength after a sharp illness in Colorado. When he went up to Westminster in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver shook him terribly. After preaching on Advent Sunday he caught cold, but went down in high spirits with his wife to Eversley; but the journey tried her so much that she was given over, and then, "My own death-warrant was signed," he said. He sustained and comforted her; he became reckless of himself; his cough turned to bronchitis, and then to pneumonia. He had been warned that his recovery depended on the same temperature being kept up in his room, and on his never leaving it. But one day he leapt out of bed, came into his wife's room for a few moments, and, taking her hand in his, he said, "This is heaven; don't speak." . . . They never met again. When told that another move would be fatal, he replied, "We have said all to each other; we have made up our accounts," and often repeated, "It is all right, all as it should be." For a few days a correspondence was kept up in pencil; it became, in his own words, "too tantalizing, too painful," and ceased. For his children's sake he still fought for life; he astonished the doctors by the brilliant way in which he described his symptoms, and his nurse by his vivid reminiscences of the West Indies, the Rocky Mountains, and California, scenes which had hardly stirred his imagination at the time. His last words were prayer. ". . . Most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not for any pains of death to fall from thee." After that he lay quite still for six hours, and passed so silently that the watchers could not mark the end.

One does not ask whether it is worth while that a plant should spring up and run to seed and die, or whether it is worth while that any one of the multitude of men should be born and married and buried with or without consciousness or desire: each lives the life of its kind, and when we have said this, we have said enough. We, too, live without our choice, how to live is for us to choose; and so when a man dies like Kingsley, worn out by a constant struggle for ideal ends, carried on at a cost we hardly knew, it is natural to ask if he chose well, if the achievement repaid the endeavors. In many ways it did. It is the common lot to enter life weak, greedy, ignorant, and to get listless and distracted and irritable by the way; it is beyond the common lot to leave it gentle, diligent, resolute, pure. It is rarer still to keep the sanctities of home, great and small, flawless and undimmed for over thirty years, to trust them as eternal and to cherish them as if every hour were the last, to be a lover through all the years of marriage, and to govern children without fear, and, hardest of all in these restless times, to make servants feel themselves members of the family. And Kingsley was almost as successful in ruling his parish as in ruling his heart and his home. It is true that seven public-houses in a number of scattered hamlets were too much for his working-men's club; but he left his people civilized and with awakened intelligence, and, if that be worth anything, "every man-jack of them church-goers." If he missed a ploughman at church, he would stride across the fields next day, and tell him "that his wife did not want him in bed all Sunday morning, and that he ought to get up and leave her the house clear, and then stay at home after dinner and mind the children, and let her go out." His work in natural history was, within its limits, entirely successful: he described himself as a camp-follower of the army of science, and he said truly that camp-followers may do good service as scouts and foragers along the line of march determined by the general. The facts of nature are so complex, and the theories in process of establishment so abstract, that a few doubtful conjectures detract little from the merit of a keen observer and picturesque writer, who will fill up for one or two neighborhoods the outlines which the masters of science have drawn. He did much to make natural history attractive, even more perhaps to make well-disposed people think that they ought to find it so. The same remark

applies to his sanitary work. He recognized one great difficulty in the way of sanitary reform, in the political power of the class who own unhealthy houses in small lots; he did not recognize the greater difficulty which lies in the general belief that to act upon such sanitary knowledge as exists is worth some care and trouble, but not much. However, he inspired many pious souls with a conviction that popular apathy on the subject was sinful.

But those things in which Kingsley succeeded were not the things which made his reputation, though some of them served to extend it. He made his reputation as a militant man of letters, fighting for certain social and religious beliefs, and his success must be finally gauged by the worth of his literary work, and of the ideas by which it was inspired. It is certain that ideas were more to Kingsley than to most of us; they supplied the support which he needed in his generous efforts, as society supplies the support which is needed for ordinary industry. The pathetic part of the problem is that the ideas which were the root of Kingsley's life were as far from being clear and stable as the ideas which are the fading flowers of the lives of common men. Upon the social side he attained, if not to an adequate expression, at least to a coherent doctrine. He set out with a keen appreciation of simplicity of life, of the worth of its common permanent elements, of the instability of a society most of whose members have no conscious share in its highest interests — all which he symbolized under the name democracy. He supplemented this perception without confusing it, when he came to realize that inherited station intelligently accepted is one of the best titles to authority — which will always be indispensable. The course of his political thought made Kingsley more conservative and less eager; the course of his religious thought made him more conservative and less confident; his trinitarian speculations faded away, though his trinitarian creed remained. As he grew older he preached positivism in observation, and optimism in feeling, more and more in an arbitrary way, with less and less pretence that the combination supplied a reasonable explanation of facts. Yet his theology is not worthless. He was one of the first to note the fatal tendency of an old creed to become a *terminus ad quem* instead of a *terminus a quo*, and to urge the fruitful method of confronting religious classics directly with the broad permanent facts of

human experience, and the working hypotheses of virtuous lives.

Of his literary work we can speak with less hesitation. With little subtlety of insight or feeling, with too much tendency to boisterous edification, he was still a most admirable descriptive writer. As a poet, it appears, he took himself too seriously; "Santa Maura" we see now was written with more emotion than it will be read with. "The Three Fishers" will probably live; it is too soon to guess whether "The Bad Squire" and the "Buccaneer" will follow the "Corn-Law Rhymes" to a premature grave. "Andromeda" has most of the merits of a Broad Church tract and an Alexandrian heroic idyll. His mantle as a novelist has fallen upon writers so unlike him as the author of "Guy Livingstone," Ouida, and Miss Broughton.

G. A. SIMCOX.

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WEARINESS: A TALE FROM FRANCE.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

MONSIEUR CASIMIR VINCENT, the old and very wealthy Lunel banker, had been for more than thirty years the regular and honored frequenter of the Café de l'Esplanade. There he might be seen twice a day without fail: in the afternoon about one o'clock, after his breakfast, to take his cup of coffee, glance over the newspapers, and exchange a few words with his old acquaintances; and again towards eight in the evening, after his dinner, to play his game of piquet, which generally lasted till about eleven.

Every one at Lunel knew M. Vincent. He was a small, thin man, with marked features, large dark eyes, short thick hair that was turning grey, and a calm, indifferent expression of countenance. M. Vincent was of a taciturn nature, and when he spoke, it was slowly and thoughtfully. Notwithstanding his unmixed southern blood, he was sober in gesture, and nothing in his movements betrayed the proverbial vivacity of his countrymen. He dressed simply and very carefully, and paid particular attention to his linen, which was always of dazzling whiteness.

M. Vincent's story was as well known to the inhabitants of the town as his appearance or his mode of living. His grandfather, during the first Revolution, had been the founder of the house of Casimir Vincent. There were old men living

who still remembered him, and spoke of him as a man who had possessed no common share of intelligence and energy. In a short time he had amassed a large fortune by his banking business, and also as an army contractor. His son had carried on the business under the Empire and the Restoration. In his turn, the Casimir Vincent of our story, who had been brought up in the paternal school, after having spent a few years in Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Paris, settled at Lunel in the year 1840. His steadiness inspired his father with such confidence that he at once admitted him to partnership. The firm was thenceforward styled "Casimir Vincent & Son."

Vincent junior was then about thirty. He was considered a *dandy*, and the young beaux of his little town copied his dress, and asked him for the addresses of his tradesmen.

The wealthy citizens who had marriageable daughters used to get up parties and picnics in his honor.

On two occasions there had been rumors of Monsieur Vincent's marriage. Soon after his return to Lunel he had paid his addresses to Mademoiselle Coulé, and his proposals had been joyfully received by her family. All the gossips of the place were already busy reckoning up the large fortune that the young couple would have, when bright, pretty, joyous Caroline Coulé suddenly fell ill, and almost immediately died. Casimir Vincent wore no mourning for his affianced bride, but her death grieved him deeply. For several years he remained in strict retirement, entirely occupied with his father's business. The old man died in 1844, leaving by his will "all he possessed to his only and well-loved son Casimir Vincent."

Three years after this event, Vincent came forward as a suitor for the hand of Mlle. Jeanne d'Arfeuille. He was then thirty-six, but looked much older; his hair was turning gray, and the lonely life he had led since Caroline's death had made him taciturn and gloomy. It was not, therefore, very surprising that a girl of eighteen should look upon him as an old man. Jeanne d'Arfeuille uttered a scream of affright when her mother, all radiant with joy, announced to her that the wealthy banker had done her the honor to make her an offer of marriage. She declared at once that she would rather die or shut herself up in a convent, than marry "that ugly, little, old man."

"He might be my father," added she,

bursting into tears. "I shall never love him, and I won't marry him."

At first the mother tried her eloquence to convince her daughter that it was madness to refuse the best match of the department; but as Jeanne persisted in crying, and rejected all idea of yielding, Madame d'Arfeuille at last lost patience, and ended the debate by exclaiming, "I order you to marry him, and marry him you must."

Something, however, occurred on the occasion of M. Vincent's first official visit at Madame d'Arfeuille's that ruined all the plans which that lady had formed. Vincent noticed the red eyelids and downcast air of the girl he was to wed, and leading her up to the window, spoke to her for a few minutes in whispered tones. Madame d'Arfeuille, who was seated at a little distance, saw with secret anxiety her daughter burst into tears, and heard M. Vincent, to her intense surprise, say in a gentle, serious voice, —

"Calm yourself, my dear child — I only wish for your happiness; I was mistaken."

Then going up to the mother with his usual slow, steady step, he said, in a tone which imparted singular dignity to his small stature, —

"I must thank you, madame, for the honor which you have done me; and it is with sincere regret that I relinquish the hand of your daughter."

So saying, he bowed low to the mother and daughter and went away, leaving them both in amazement at what had happened.

Madame d'Arfeuille, as was her custom when she found herself in an awkward position, began by fainting; then, coming to herself, she got into a violent passion with Jeanne. When at last she recovered her composure, she hastened to the banker's, and vowed that there was in all this merely a deplorable misunderstanding, and that her daughter would be proud and happy to become Madame Vincent. But the little man had some peculiar notions of his own, especially on the subject of matrimony. He let Madame d'Arfeuille speak as long as she liked without interrupting her, though he caused her no little embarrassment by looking at her steadfastly all the time. When at last she came to a stop, after stammering out for the tenth time, "What a deplorable misunderstanding!" Vincent merely repeated the words he had uttered an hour before, —

"I have to thank you, madame, for the

honor you intended me ; and it is with sincere regret that I relinquish the hand of your daughter."

Madame d'Arfeuille could not believe her ears ; for one moment she had a mind to faint again, but the icy deportment of the banker deterred her from that bit of acting. She displayed great cleverness in trying to alter M. Vincent's resolve ; she even stooped to entreaty. But it was of no avail ; M. Vincent remained unmoved, and looked more gloomy than ever. Then Madame d'Arfeuille flew simply and frankly into a rage ; she accused the banker of having caused the misery of a poor innocent girl, and of striving to bring shame on her mother. Vincent remained as insensible to her fury as he had been to her prayers ; till at last, at the end of half an hour, thoroughly worn out and defeated, she retreated from the field where she had thought herself sure to achieve victory.

A few months later, pretty Jeanne d'Arfeuille married a young country gentleman of a neighboring department, who was both well-born and wealthy. Her mother was delighted at a marriage which realized all her fondest wishes ; but she retained a bitter resentment against the banker who had offended her, and never forgave him. Her southern imagination enabled her to fabricate, in respect of this affair, a whole story, which she repeated so often to her friends that she ended by believing it herself. According to this version, M. Vincent, whom she styled "a vulgar, forward *parvenu* and money-lender," had had the "audacity" to aspire to the hand of an Arfeuille. "Fortunately," she would add with magnificent dignity, "my daughter had been too well brought up not to know how to teach a fellow like that his proper place. Then he came to supplicate me to intercede with Jeanne on his behalf, and I really thought I would never be able to shake him off."

This strange story was repeated on all sides by Madame d'Arfeuille's family and friends, and came at last to M. Vincent's ears. He took no trouble to contradict it, and merely shrugged his shoulders. Some one, more curious than the rest, ventured to ask him point-blank whether there was any truth in it. He answered quietly, "You are at liberty to believe this story, if you like ; as for me, I have something better to do than to trouble myself about gossip."

After Mlle. d'Arfeuille's marriage, Vincent appeared to have given up all

thoughts of seeking a wife. Some proposals were made to him, for there was no lack in Lunel of good and prudent mothers who would willingly have given their daughters to the rich banker. But he avoided rather than sought opportunities of associating with unmarried women. When his friends expressed their regret, he would say, "I am no longer young ; I have nothing to offer to a young woman but my fortune, and I would not care for a wife who took me for that. If ever I become foolish enough to imagine that I may be loved for my own sake, you may perhaps see me come forward in the character of a suitor. In the mean time, I hold myself satisfied with the two failures I have experienced, and I mean to try and get accustomed to the life of an old bachelor."

Many years went by ; Vincent became an old man, and it entered nobody's head to think of him as a marriageable man.

M. Vincent's mode of life was simple and unvaried. He rose very early, shaved and dressed at once, and started in his *cabriolet* for a small estate in the neighborhood of the town, which he had inherited from his father. He was no agriculturist, and did not affect to be one : his visits to the *Mas de Vincent* — so his property was called — had no practical object ; but he had taken so thoroughly the habit of this daily excursion, that, summer or winter, in rain or in sunshine, he never failed to make it. His coachman, old Guerre, who sat beside him in the *cabriolet*, was a morose man, who never opened his lips except to answer laconically his master's questions. Such a companion was no restraint on the banker, who could indulge in his own thoughts during the whole journey. These must have been of a serious kind, for the countenance of the old bachelor always preserved the same cold expression of reserve.

On arriving at the *mas*, he would unbend a little. The manager of the estate came out to meet him, asked news of his health in a few words — always the same, — and then conducted him to the place where the work was going on. *Paire* Du-four\* was a clever fellow, who knew how to interest his master by telling him something new every day. On this hillside, the vines were prospering ; on that other, they were attacked by disease. The silk-worms were thriving, while those of the

\* In the south of France, *paire* is the name given to the foremost workman on a farm, and often to the manager himself.

neighbors were merely vegetating. Sheep had been sold at Béziers; and it had been found necessary to purchase mules at the fair of Sommières. To all this Vincent listened attentively, and made no objections. As a rule, the *paire* did exactly what he liked; and all his equals and fellow-managers round about considered him the most independent and fortunate man of the whole district.

M. Vincent returned to Lunel about eleven o'clock. He went into his office, where an old clerk handed him the letters which had come by that day's post, and took his orders concerning the answers. It was not a long business, for the firm of Vincent & Son had been established on solid foundations, and all went on with perfect regularity. The business of the bank was chiefly with the wealthy land-owners and farmers of the neighborhood of Lunel, who, from father to son, had had dealings with the firm for the last half-century. They used the agency of the bank to discount the bills they drew on the manufacturers and merchants of Clette, Marseilles, Lyons, and St. Etienne, in exchange for their oil, wines, or cocoons. These bills were always "duly honored;" or if, by a very rare mischance, they were "protested," the drawers always took them back without difficulty. Legal proceedings and lawyers' strife were things unknown, or only known by name, to the firm of Vincent & Son. As the head of this respected house, M. Casimer Vincent had large profits and little trouble. In the space of one hour, between eleven and twelve, he generally found time to do all his business. He then breakfasted — almost always alone; and, after that simple repast, went to the *Café de l'Esplanade*.

That establishment was the rendezvous of the best Lunel society. It was situated on the promenade and occupied the ground-floor and first storey of a rather large house. Jacques Itier, the master of the *café*, lived on the second floor with his wife Mariette and his numerous family. Jacques Itier was a very sharp fellow. He had not been the proprietor of the *café* very long before he perceived that he could extend the custom of his establishment considerably by dividing it into two distinct portions. So he induced his more "eminent" customers to form a *cercle*, or club, by placing the whole first floor at their disposal. Admittance to the club was not absolutely forbidden to strangers; but a chance intruder would not be likely to remain there long, so unmistakably

would the demeanor of the habitual guests show him that he was not in his proper place.

On the other hand, the wealthy citizens and merchants of the town, and the principal landowners of the environs, felt themselves quite at home at the "*Cercle de l'Esplanade*." Every one had his accustomed corner, chair, table, and newspaper. For smokers, there was a little grated closet, with lock and key, from whence every man could extract his own particular pipe on arriving; the billiard-players had their particular cues marked, and it was a settled and acknowledged thing that at certain hours the table belonged to a particular set. One would often hear exclamations like this: "Make haste! It is nine o'clock, and M. Vidal and M. Coulé are waiting to play their game." The waiter who attended on the first floor was called by his Christian name of "François;" and he did not confine himself to merely answering, "Yes, Monsieur," but would say, "Yes, M. Vidal;" "Yes, M. Vincent," etc., according as the notary, the banker, or any other personage called to him.

The members of the club were mostly middle-aged or old men, and three or four young men only had managed to obtain admittance. These were the sons of deceased members, and they did not seem out of place in this exclusive society. Among these young men, the foremost was René Sabatier, whose father had been a goldsmith. René was a good, honest fellow of four-and-twenty, very talkative and very familiar, who used to treat the old gentlemen of the "*club*" as if they had been his comrades. Nobody took offence, for he was a general favorite. He owed this kind of popularity to his conduct during the war, when he had joined the army as a volunteer, and done his duty bravely. He was considered as the chief of the young Legitimist party in Lunel; and all the members of the "*Cercle de l'Esplanade*" were fierce royalists.

On the ground-floor, where the real public *café* was, Republicanism prevailed. The young men of the town met there, and strangers often dropped in. The two waiters who rushed from table to table were merely *garçons* for the customers, and no man cared to inquire what their Christian names were. Madame Itier, who presided at the bar, exercised the strictest control, in order to preserve the reputation of respectability enjoyed by her establishment: now such vigilance, if dis-

played on the first floor, would have been utterly purposeless.

Jacques Itier was to be seen alternately in the upper and in the lower rooms. On the first floor, he went respectfully from table to table inquiring, in an obsequious tone, whether "the gentlemen" had all they required; the gentlemen, on their part, treated him somewhat haughtily and allowed of no familiarity. On the ground-floor it was the reverse, and there the master of the *café* was almost a personage. He was on the best terms with many of his customers; would play his game of piquet with one or another; order refreshments for his own consumption, and strip off his coat for a game of billiards. The political opinions of Jacques Itier took the color of the place where he was. On the first floor he adored the Comte de Chambord; below, he swore by Gambetta. He was a man without political prejudices. The Bonapartists of Lunel congregated at another *café*; had they come to his establishment he would no doubt have found something pleasant to say about the Prince Imperial. Casimir Vincent had frequented and patronized the *Café de l'Esplanade* for many years. He was already considered as an old *habitué*, when the establishment passed into Jacques Itier's hands. That was fifteen years ago; and since then, scarcely a day had gone by in which the little man had not been there both in the afternoon and in the evening. Vincent clung to his habits; his visits to the *café* were as much a part of his existence as his morning excursions to the *Mas de Vincent*. Every day he met the same faces at the club,—old Coulé, who had remained his friend ever since Caroline's death; M. Vidal, the notary, in whose office were the deeds of half the property in the town; René Sabatier, who was bold enough to apostrophize the banker as "*Papa Vincent*"; Bardou, the corn-merchant; Coste, the doctor; Count de Rochebrune and the Baron de Villaray, large landowners, etc. By all those Vincent was highly considered: he was known to be a rich man, a Legitimist, and the descendant of an old family of the town. All these things entitled him to honor.

Yet no one could boast of intimacy with the old bachelor. Vincent's habitual reserve kept curiosity at a distance, and he neither encouraged nor bestowed confidence. He never spoke of himself or his concerns, and wore, on all occasions, a serious countenance, with a tinge of sadness even. Some people asserted that he had never recovered the death of his fair

Caroline, and that solitude weighed on his heart. They quoted expressions which he had let drop from time to time, in which he alluded to a monotonous life "without either sorrow or joy."

As soon as M. Vincent entered the club after breakfast, François, the waiter, hastened to bring him his *demi-tasse*, and a tumbler of water; while Itier presented the *Gazette de France* and the *Messager du Midi*. Vincent would acknowledge these civilities silently by a nod, sip his coffee and slowly smoke a cigar. He would read the Parisian newspaper all through, cast a look on the quotations of the Bourse as given in the *Messager*, and then take his seat on the divan which ran all round the billiard-room to hear the small news of the day from some obliging neighbor. He himself scarcely ever spoke. When his cigar was finished, he walked back slowly to his office, where he worked till five o'clock. Then, in obedience to a habit he had contracted during his travels, he dressed for dinner and took his solitary repast. Now and then he invited a few friends. On those occasions the old family plate shone on the table; and the best wines, the most delicate dishes, delighted the palates of the provincial epicures. But when Vincent dined alone, the fare was of the most simple description. An old woman waited on him; he read during his dinner, and scarcely noticed what was set before him.

After dinner, Vincent went to the *café*, as we have said, for the second time. In a few minutes he never failed to find a partner for a game of piquet. At the neighboring tables the other members of the club played cards likewise. The play was not high, but was nevertheless carried on with the greatest ardor. Conversation went on in low tones,—such was the custom. Any stranger whom chance or curiosity led into the club-room, soon felt awkward and intrusive amid this company of old men, all busy shuffling cards, marking points, or exchanging the whispered remarks which the course of the game called forth. The members of the "*Cercle de l'Esplanade*" were accounted first-rate players in all Lunel. At half past ten the games had generally come to an end, and by eleven o'clock the great room was empty. Casimir Vincent would then go home.

When the weather was fine, he took two or three turns on the esplanade, and by half past eleven was in his sitting-room. A large lamp with a shade burned on the table; the evening papers and the letters

of the last delivery were laid out beside it. Vincent read for about half an hour, and then passed into his bedroom. In summer, before undressing, it was his custom to stand for a while at the window, from whence he could see a park which lay behind the house. The rustling murmur of the trees seemed to have a peculiar charm for him. He would stay listening to it attentively for a long time, though his countenance betrayed no emotion, and remained calm and serious as ever. But he would often heave a deep sigh as he turned away from the window. In the winter time, he would spend that last half-hour in front of the fire, his eyes fixed on the dying embers, while his features preserved that same look of thoughtful contemplation with which he listened in summer to the last hushed sounds of nature. Advancing years had made Casimir Vincent a singularly thoughtful, serious, and taciturn man.

When the war with Germany broke out, M. Vincent shared the fever of patriotism which took possession of all France. From morning to night he read the papers; drew up plans for the campaign, and discussed the conditions which should be imposed on the vanquished enemy. He had recovered the enthusiasm of his youth, and took the liveliest interest in all the burning questions of the day.

The first defeats produced a sort of stupefaction, though they did not shake his confidence.

"We will take our revenge," he said; "and woe to the northern invaders who have dared to pollute the sacred soil of France!"

But after the disasters of Forbach and Reichshoffen, after the bloody battles of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, came the fearful news of the catastrophe of Sedan; and then, one following another, resounded the terrible blows under which France was crushed by the fortune of war: Strasbourg, Metz, Paris, fell into the power of the enemy. Whole armies were annihilated or led into captivity; new armies were raised, and were overtaken by the same fate; the northern and eastern provinces of France were like a vast cemetery, drenched with the noblest blood of the country. In the south, in the neighborhood of Lunel, there was fury or despair, and in some cases a still more harrowing feeling of resignation. Casimir Vincent went about his business with the air of a ghost, and his dumb, pent-up sorrow was pitiable to witness. Still, just as before the war, he

never failed to go every morning to the *mas*, and to show himself twice a day at the club.

After peace had been concluded, everything resumed its accustomed aspect in the little town, which was far removed from the seat of military events. Vincent, who had sustained no loss of fortune or of position, appeared almost to have forgotten the misfortunes which had befallen his country. He scarcely ever spoke of the war, and never joined in the general clamor for revenge which arose on all sides. But he grew daily more gloomy, more sad, more taciturn, till his best friends at last admitted that "old Vincent had become quite impracticable."

Vincent, however, continued to follow the political questions of the day: he subscribed to some of the leading Paris newspapers, and spent the better part of the day in reading them.

In October, 1873, when the news spread that the Comte de Chambord was going to ascend the throne of his ancestors, the old Legitimist had a last burst of enthusiasm.

"I would die happy," he said, "if it were given to me to see Henry V. at the head of the country."

The letter by which the Comte de Chambord annihilated the hopes of the so-called "fusionists" caused the banker a great shock.

"The king is right," he said; "he always is right: but what can be said of a country where the foremost citizens dare to propose to their legitimate sovereign to attain, by devious and crooked paths, the throne which God himself gave him? Poor France!"

René Sabatier, who had always been a favorite with the banker, and who, in his turn, felt a real affection for him, became anxious at last, seeing him so completely dispirited. One night he accompanied him home, and took advantage of the opportunity to question his old friend on his sadness.

"You are not well. You seem tired. What is the matter? Why do you not consult the doctor?"

"The doctor can do nothing for me," replied Vincent. "I am bored, that's all."

"Travel; try a change."

"I am as well at Lunel as I should be anywhere else. Here, at least, I am surrounded by well-known faces, and I have my regular occupations, which make the days seem less insupportably long."

"Go to Paris. It is my dream to go there. Ah! if I were rich and free like you, I would start this very night."

"Paris! Thanks for the advice. No! anywhere rather than there! Paris is the ruin of France! Paris is the birthplace of the evils of which we are all dying! The Revolution, the Empire, the war, the Commune, all came from Paris! Paris has killed France! Curse it!"

"Softly, softly, Papa Vincent," replied Sabatier; "do not fly into such a passion. Whatever you may say, Paris is the finest town in the world. Paris has its vices, I admit; but its brilliant qualities make it the capital of civilization."

"Pray, spare me your Victor Hugo phrases! Yes, Paris is verily the most civilized town in the world, if by civilization you mean the reverse of all that is natural and true. Shall I tell you what you, a provincial stranger, will find in Paris? The first tailors and the first shoemakers in the world; the best hairdressers and fencing-masters; the greatest coquettes and the most profligate women; the most cheating hotel-keepers, the most selfish politicians, and the most wonderful actors. That is all that you, as a stranger, will see; as to the Paris of work and self-denial, it will be hidden from you. The honest folks of Paris—and, thank Heaven! there are some left—do not frequent the places where you go to seek excitement and see sights. Busy with their work, and ashamed of the enervating pleasures that strangers rush to so greedily, they know how to respect their mourning country. Their houses would be closed to you, nor would they be thrown open to me. No, no, I will not go to Paris. Lunel is a dull town, I confess; I am weary of the life I lead here; it weighs me down, and I long to have done with it: still, I prefer it to life in Paris."

He paused for a minute and bent his head as if he were absorbed in painful reflections, then he resumed slowly in a low voice, as though he were speaking to himself, "Ay, indeed, life in Lunel is dull and colorless, . . . life in Paris is repugnant to me. . . . Life is unbearable everywhere in France. . . . Formerly it was not so, and life then had an object; men lived, men died at least for something. But what can I do now? Fold my arms, and impotently witness the ruin of my country. . . . All is going, perishing, falling to pieces, . . . and I am but a weak old man."

A long silence followed, which Sabatier

dared not break till the two friends reached the banker's door.

"Monsieur Vincent," Sabatier then said, in a respectful tone, "I wish you good-night; try and sleep well."

"Good-night, my dear René," said the old man. He was holding the door still ajar, when he suddenly turned round and said abruptly to the young man,—

"How old are you?"

"I am four-and-twenty."

"Well, follow the advice of an old bachelor: marry. A life full of cares is better than a life which is utterly void. Woe to the man who is alone in the world! . . . Take a wife. . . . Man was not made to live alone. . . . Solitude begets unwholesome thoughts. . . . Good-night, Sabatier!"

The next day Vincent appeared at the usual hour at the *café* of the esplanade, and in a few minutes he was seated opposite to Sabatier, apparently absorbed in the intricacies of a game of piquet.

"You have just thrown away ninety," remarked Sabatier.

"Have I?" said Vincent. He took up the cards he had discarded, looked at them and said quietly, "You are right; here's my knave of clubs."

There was another deal.

"Why, what is the matter with you today?" cried Sabatier, "You have not reckoned your quint."

"You are right again, young man," said the banker; "I had forgotten it. I do not know what I am thinking of." So saying he pushed away the cards.

"Go and play with Coulé," he added; "it amuses me no longer."

He got up and placed himself near another table where two other men were playing. Old Vidal came up and proposed a game of bezique. Vincent assented willingly, and they seated themselves at a vacant table. Vincent won the game.

"Bezique is child's play," he said; "I prefer piquet." He got up and apologized for not going on. "I will give you your revenge to-morrow," he said. He remained half an hour longer in the club-room, going from one group to another, and exchanging a few brief sentences with his friends; but he went home somewhat earlier than usual. No sooner had he left the room than every one began to talk about him.

"Old Vincent looks very ill. What is the matter with him?"

"He did not know his cards, and threw out his best. I never saw him like that."

"How are his affairs? are they all right?"

"That they are. He bought largely into the funds only last week."

"Then, what ails him?"

"Nothing—he is bored."

"Has he ever been anything else for the last thirty years?"

"No. But apparently he has found out at last that it is not amusing to be bored."

While remarks were being exchanged at the club, Vincent was walking slowly homewards. More than once he stopped on his way, and stood plunged in deep thought, stroking his chin the while as was his wont. Once he took off his hat, brushed his hair back with a slow and regular movement, and then pressed his hand on his temple as though he had felt a sharp and sudden pain. His cravat seemed to choke him; once or twice he passed his finger between his throat and his shirt-collar, and breathed hard like a man who has been making some violent effort.

On entering his apartment he found everything in its accustomed place; there was the lamp, and beside it the papers and a few letters. He glanced at these; and recognizing the writing on the addresses, laid them aside without opening them. Even the papers had not the power to interest him; he opened one, and after looking through the leading article he crumpled it up in his hand and threw it on the ground.

"Always the same twaddle!" he exclaimed. The clock of a neighboring church struck eleven. Vincent took up a candlestick and went into his bedroom. As he stood before the chimney his eyes fell on the large mirror. He remained motionless and gazed long at his own image; it was that of an old man, bent under the weight of years, with a yellow, shrivelled-up face, dim eyes, and a despondent countenance.

"I never would have believed," he said, speaking very slowly, "that a life as long as mine could have been so joyless. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to read letters and newspapers, to shuffle and deal out cards, to be of no use for anything or to anybody, . . . to care for nothing, to care for nobody, . . . and to be bored."

He walked up to the open window and looked out into the night—a soft balmy night of spring. Above were the cloudless, starry heavens—below, the old plane-trees seemed to slumber; a solemn silence reigned all around.

"What fearful silence!" he said; "a death-like silence, . . . without and within myself." He shuddered and closed the window.

The next morning he went as usual to the *Mas de Vincent*. The *paire* came out to meet him at the gate.

"A fine morning, Monsieur Vincent. I hope I see you well. See how everything is getting on; one could not wish for better. If Providence only sends us a little rain, and we have no frost or hail, this year's crop will be splendid."

"We have no reason to complain," replied Vincent; "the *mas* has always made a capital return."

"Ah, you are a fortunate man, sir. All you touch seems to turn to gold. The *mas* is worth double what it was in your father's time. One may indeed call you a fortunate man."

When, half an hour later, Vincent was driving back in his *cabriolet*, he more than once repeated to himself, "Yes, yes, I am a fortunate man." But his countenance was not that of a fortunate man.

He scarcely tasted his breakfast; at dinner, he ate little or nothing. His old servant, Martha, became anxious, and inquired if her master was ill.

"No, I am not ill, but I have no appetite. To-morrow I will be better."

At the club he refused to play. As on the preceding evening, he wandered from one table to the other, looking on and stroking his chin without saying a word.

"Why don't you play?" inquired Sabatier.

"I have played piquet thirty years long. Is it very surprising that I should be weary of the game?"

"Play bezique."

"Bezique is child's play."

"Whist, then?"

"I don't know whist."

"You will learn."

"I am too old."

"Oh, Papa Vincent, you are hard to please to-night."

"Very hard to please, verily. It is of course unconscionable to expect from life something more than the pleasure of playing cards for halfpenny points."

Sabatier did not reply, and at the end of an hour Vincent left the club without having exchanged another word.

When he reached his own door, he stood irresolute, and looked right and left as though he expected somebody. He whistled softly, and, as on the previous day, took off his hat to press his hand upon his forehead. At that moment a

poor beggar woman, with a child in her arms, went by.

"For God's sake, my good gentleman," she said, in a supplicating tone, "give me something for this poor child!"

Vincent drew out his purse, and looked into it for an instant, as though he were searching for small coin. Finding none, he took a five-franc piece and gave it to the woman.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, almost in a tone of fear. "How can I thank you, sir? May God preserve you and yours, and return to you in blessings what you have done for me!"

She moved on, and Vincent's eyes followed her. "Halloo! here, woman!" he called out, abruptly.

The beggar woman looked round and hesitated. She feared to turn back lest the banker should have made a mistake and wish to take back his alms.

"Come back, I say," repeated Vincent. "No one wants to harm you; on the contrary. But make haste; I have no time to lose."

The poor woman came up.

"Here," said Vincent, "take all," and he poured the contents of his purse into her hand. The woman was struck dumb with surprise for a few seconds. When she recovered her speech, and began to stammer forth her thanks, Vincent had disappeared.

Guerre, the coachman, had been waiting more than an hour. At last he grew impatient.

"Martha!" he cried, "is not monsieur up? It is nearly eight."

The servant went to the kitchen door and glanced up at the bedroom windows. The curtains were still drawn.

"This is very strange," she said, "for monsieur always gets up at six. I'll go up and see what has happened."

In a few minutes she came down again, scared, pale, and trembling.

"Guerre," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "come quick. Our master —" She could say no more, but the old coachman understood that some misfortune had happened. He came into the house and ran up-stairs as fast as his old legs would carry him. Martha followed. The two servants stopped at the entrance of the sitting-room, and Martha pointed silently to the bedroom door. Guerre went in with faltering steps.

The bright sunshine lighted up the room in spite of the curtains and the blinds. On the table stood two candlesticks, in which

the lights had burned down to the sockets. Between them, placed so as to catch the eye at once, Guerre saw a paper, on which a few lines were written; and in front of the hearth, lying in a pool of blood, the corpse of Casimir Vincent. Guerre picked up an open razor, smeared with blood, and placed it, with a shudder, on the table. He then took up the paper which he had noticed on entering the room, and read as follows:—

"Weary of life, I have sought death. My affairs are in good order. My will is in the hands of M. Vidal, the notary.

"CASIMIR VINCENT."

The funeral took place quietly the next day. All the members of the "Cercle de l'Esplanade" attended.

A portion of the banker's wealth went to distant relatives. René Sabatier, however, had a large legacy, and a still more considerable sum was bequeathed to the town of Lunel for the foundation of a charitable institution. The clergy offered no opposition to the burial of the suicide in consecrated ground; and René Sabatier, remembering the last remarks of his unhappy friend, caused a stone to be placed on his grave, with the following inscription:—

"A MAN, WEARY OF LIFE,  
HAS SOUGHT REPOSE HERE:  
PRAY FOR HIM!"

From The Popular Science Review.  
CONDITION OF THE LARGER PLANETS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, F.R.A.S.

M. VOGEL's recent researches into the spectra of the planets are regarded by him as affording evidence unfavorable to the opinion that the planets Jupiter and Saturn are still so intensely hot as to shine in some degree with inherent light. Although it is not at all necessary for the general theory which I have advocated respecting the condition of the larger planets that any portion of their lustre should be regarded as inherent, yet as Vogel's conclusion does bear to some degree on one of the arguments which have been urged in favor of this theory, the opportunity seems convenient for summing up these arguments and discussing briefly the considerations on which M. Vogel bases his objections.

I would remark at the outset that I do not by any means share the opinion of

some who, in dealing with this question, and other questions of a like nature, have said that it matters very little what theory is adopted so that it is a convenient working hypothesis, a string, so to speak, on which to thread the observations. It will be found that this method of viewing matters is never expressed except by persons who have fallen into the habit of accumulating observations without reasoning upon them,—in fact, without utilizing them. Observation is with them not a means but an end. It seems to me, or rather I may speak more confidently and say that the whole history of science proves, that the real value of observation and experiment lies not in themselves, but in what may be deduced from them. They are the raw material whence scientific knowledge is to be manufactured. It is not the object of a theory to afford a convenient means of classifying observations and also to suggest occasion for making them, but to educe their real significance; and the sole reasonable object of observations is to suggest the true theory and to afford the means of testing and rejecting false ones. To assert that it matters little what theory is suggested so long as it affords a convenient means of classifying observations, is as absurd in reality as it would be to assert that it matters very little in what manufacture raw materials of a particular kind are employed, so that the manufacture affords a ready means of sorting them away and making room for fresh stores of them. The object of manufacture is to make articles which shall have real value, and raw materials are solely of use in so far as they can be employed in the manufacture of articles of such a nature. In like manner the object of theorizing or reasoning is to discover actual truths, and observations are only useful in so far as they enable us to discover such truths. The mere observer who argues that observation and not reasoning is real science, may be compared to an organ-blower who should argue that his work, not that of the organist, constituted real music. The organist cannot play without wind, the manufacturer cannot get on without raw materials, and in like manner Kepler would never have established his laws without the observations collected by Tycho Brahe, nor would Newton have discovered the law of gravity without the raw material collected by Flamsteed; but as it is important in organ music that the wind be exhausted in melody not in mere noise, and important in manufacture that the raw material be employed to make

useful not useless articles, so it is and has been a matter of considerable importance whether observations have been idly worked up in false systems like those of Ptolemy or Descartes, or wisely used to ascertain the truth, as by Copernicus, Kepler, or Newton.

The theory which is now to be considered is this, that the planets Jupiter and Saturn are still in a state of intense heat, being at a much earlier stage of planetary development than our earth or those four companion orbs, Mercury, Venus, Mars, and the moon (in one sense more specially a companion than the others) which have been called the terrestrial planets.

At the outset it may be well to consider the evidence for the only other theory which has been advanced on the subject — the theory commonly accepted with apparently as little question as though it had been the result of long and profound investigation, had been tested in every possible way, had been weighed and not found wanting by all the ablest astronomers the world has known. This is the theory that Jupiter and Saturn are bodies in the same condition as our earth.

It is not easy to find any reasoning whatever bearing upon this theory. It would seem almost that so soon as Copernicus had shown that the planets do not travel round the earth as a centre, but the earth with the planets travel around the sun, the conclusion was at once adopted that the earth and the planets are of necessity bodies of the same nature; and that as no one was at the pains to question this doctrine, it became gradually regarded as one that had been established by demonstrative evidence. The few instances of anything like reasoning which I have been able to find scattered here and there in books of astronomy amount to what follows. First, because Jupiter and Saturn are planets, and the earth is a planet, therefore those planets are like the earth. (This argument is open to the objection that it begs the question, which is, whether other planets resemble the earth.) Jupiter and Saturn are globes like the earth (also like the sun and moon). They rotate on their axes, and therefore if they are inhabited worlds like the earth, they have day and night, and in that respect are like the earth. They circle around the sun, and thus if they are worlds like the earth, they are like the earth in having a year; also in having seasons, since their axes are not perpendicular to the planes in which they travel. It would be absurd to suppose that globes so magnificent were made for

no special purpose, but we can conceive no special purpose they can subserve except to be the abodes of life; therefore they are worlds like our earth (though the sun, constructed on a still more magnificent scale, is certainly not such a world, or the abode of life). Their moons are manifestly intended to make up to them for their remoteness from the sun (only, when we calculate how much light these moons reflect to their primaries we find that they supply but a small fraction of the amount we receive from our moon). The rings of Saturn were manifestly intended for the benefit of Saturn's inhabitants (though they only reflect light to the summer hemisphere of the planet, and besides turning their darkened side to the other hemisphere, cut off the whole of the sun's light for many months, in some cases for several of our years, in succession.) The belts on Jupiter and Saturn may be likened again to our trade-wind zones, to which, however, they bear not the remotest resemblance, whether we consider their condition at any given time, or the rapid changes they undergo from time to time. In fine the arguments used by the few writers who have condescended to present even a show of reasoning in favor of the theory that Jupiter and Saturn resemble our earth in condition, amount practically to this — that, assuming all planets to be generally similar, Jupiter and Saturn are like our earth in general respects, in which case they also resemble her in several details.

I do not consider it necessary to discuss Whewell's theory that Jupiter and Saturn are intensely cold planets, because it is professedly based on the theory that they are formed of such terrestrial elements as would, if in the same condition as upon the earth, have the observed density of Jupiter and Saturn, and that these substances, being further removed from the sun, are correspondingly refrigerated. There is not a line of direct reasoning, either *a priori* or *a posteriori*, in Whewell's chapters on the larger planets — only reasoning which depends on the assumptions which had been made by those whom Whewell proposed to controvert. In fact his theory may be regarded, and was probably regarded by himself, as merely a *reductio ad absurdum* of the unreasoning faith of those who had long held unchallenged the belief in the habitability of all the planets.

I proceed to indicate the leading arguments for the theory that Jupiter and Saturn are still intensely hot, noting first that

I do not propose to discuss the details of the various arguments\* (which I have already done elsewhere), and secondly that the arguments are not dependent one upon the other, but severally independent, so that if any seem weaker than the rest, the conclusion is not on that account invalidated, but the weight of evidence only *pro tanto* diminished. It is important to notice this, because many who, in examining a series of arguments, recognize, or suppose they recognize, some weakness in the evidence of one or other argument, are apt to infer that the conclusion is to the same degree invalidated as it would be if the arguments were dependent, and therefore each one essential to the establishment of the conclusion.

The first argument for the theory is that derived from the now accepted hypothesis of the growth or development of the solar system. It is rendered to all intents and purposes certain, as well from the evidence of the earth's crust, as from that given by the movements of the sun, planets, asteroids, and satellites, that the solar system was developed from a former nebulous condition. The process of development may have been that conceived by Laplace in his nebular hypothesis, which may be described as the contraction theory, or that recently suggested by meteoric discoveries, which may be called the accretion theory, or, far more probably, the solar system was formed by combined processes of contraction and accretion. But in any case the planets as severally formed were intensely heated, partly vaporous, partly liquid bodies, the larger being the more heated. It is no longer supposed, as in Laplace's time was the case, that the outermost planets were fashioned first. They may have begun to be formed first — this, indeed, is altogether probable — but the vastness of their bulk suggests that they went on gathering in matter and contracting (forming in the process their systems of moons) long after such small planets as Mars or Mercury, though begun much earlier, had gathered in their entire substance. It seems indeed not at all improbable that neither Jupiter nor Saturn have quite passed through even the first stage of planetary development, the ring-system of Saturn being suggestive of matter as yet not completely worked up, so to speak, in that planet's system. But what-

\* I may, perhaps, be permitted to remark here, that the details of many among the arguments here indicated will be found fully discussed in my lecture delivered at Glasgow on November 9 last, and published by Messrs. Collins, of that city.

ever uncertainty rests on this question, there is none as to the original intense heat of those larger planets. They must have been far hotter when first formed than was our earth at the corresponding stage of her development. Nor is it at all open to doubt that each stage of cooling would be much longer in the case of these planets than the corresponding stage of our earth's cooling.\* Jupiter contains three hundred and forty times as much matter as the earth, so that if the two orbs were of the same density Jupiter would have a diameter seven times as great, and a surface about forty-nine times as great, as the earth's. He would radiate, therefore, if at the same temperature, forty-nine times as much heat; but he would have about three hundred and forty times as much heat to part with for each degree of cooling; hence his rate of cooling would be slower in the proportion of about seven to one. Jupiter appears actually to have a much greater volume than has been here supposed, his diameter exceeding that of the earth nearly eleven times, and his surface exceeding hers about one hundred and fifteen times. This would still leave his rate of cooling slower in the proportion of about three to one. But inasmuch as it is certain that if formed of the same material, Jupiter, when at the same stage of cooling, would be much denser than the earth (because of his greater attractive energy), our assumption rather falls short of the truth than exceeds it. The argument next to be considered will sufficiently indicate this. To complete the present argument it is only necessary to add that the various stages of cooling through which our earth has already passed have certainly required hundreds of millions of years, wherefore the corresponding stages for Jupiter would require *seven* times as many hundreds, and the total period required by Jupiter to reach the earth's present condition of development would exceed the time during which our

\* The argument here used was first advanced by Sir Isaac Newton. "A globe of iron an inch in diameter," he says, "exposed red hot to the open air, will scarcely lose all its heat in an hour's time; but a greater globe would retain its heat longer in the proportion of its diameter, because the surface (in proportion to which it is cooled by the contact of the ambient air) is in that proportion less in respect of the quantity of the included hot matter; and therefore a globe of red-hot iron equal to our earth, that is about forty million feet in diameter, would scarcely cool in an equal number of days, or in about fifty thousand years. But I suspect that the duration of heat may, on account of some latent causes, increase in a yet less proportion than that of the diameter; and I should be glad that the true proportions were investigated by experiments." Buffon (according to Baily) made experiments of the kind, with results confirming Newton's opinion.

earth has endured, from her beginning until now, *six* times, even though Jupiter at his beginning were no hotter than the earth. As he was certainly much hotter, it may fairly be said that he would require thousands of millions of years to reach the stage which the earth has reached after hundreds of millions of years; and that, if the two planets were both fashioned at the same time, Jupiter must still require thousands of millions of years before he will have attained to that stage of planetary life through which our earth is now passing. Saturn would not be so far in the rear of our earth because his mass does not exceed hers so greatly. Still he contains nearly a hundred times as much matter, and must be regarded as in all probability, so far as this first argument alone is concerned, hundreds of millions of years behind our earth in point of development.

The second argument is that derived from the small destiny of Jupiter and Saturn. Jupiter has a volume exceeding the earth's about twelve hundred and fifty times, but a mass only exceeding hers three hundred and forty times. Saturn's volume exceeds the earth seven hundred times, his mass only ninety-nine times. Jupiter's mean density is therefore about one-fourth, Saturn's about one-seventh, of the earth's. Science no longer accepts the belief that either planet is formed in the main of different materials, spectroscopic analysis having demonstrated the existence of a general uniformity of structure throughout the solar system. Neither can science any longer admit the possibility that Jupiter and Saturn are hollow globes, experiment having proved that under the pressure exerted by the mass of either planet, a substance a hundred times stronger than the strongest steel would be perfectly plastic throughout the greater portion of either planet's interior, so that hollow spaces, if they could be formed for a moment, would fill up just as an open space formed for a moment by thrusting water on one side fills up as the water flows back to its normal position. We are forced then to believe that there is some cause at work to overcome the natural tendency of the planet's mass. Doubtless this cause is the same which operates to prevent the sun's mighty mass from concentrating, as it would, into an intensely dense globe, were its gravitating energies left unresisted — viz., intense heat. The sun is, of course, very much hotter than Jupiter and Saturn; his heat, indeed, overcomes a very much greater

contractive energy. But Jupiter and Saturn must be very much hotter than the earth.

The third argument is based on the telescopic evidence of the existence of a very deep cloud-laden atmosphere surrounding each of the planets Jupiter and Saturn.

It is first to be noticed, as respects this argument, that the general aspect of the belts of Jupiter (Saturn is too far off for similar appearances to be noted) indicates the presence of rounded masses of cloud floating in a deep atmosphere. These rounded masses can only be seen as such on the middle parts of the disc, but there their appearance shows unmistakably that they are really round, — that is, not merely round in appearance, as a circle is round, but round as a globe is round. No one who has studied Jupiter with a powerful telescope can for a moment doubt that some at least among the cloud-masses which are seen in his disc are roughly globular in shape. It is sufficient if only one of these masses has really had such a shape, for though any number of flat objects may float in a sea which so far as they were concerned might be shallow, yet if it is known that a single object has floated in it which was not flat, but on the contrary had great length, and breadth, and thickness, we know that the sea must be a deep one. Some among the rounded clouds of Jupiter, which not only by their shape, but by their shading, indicate a globular figure, would, if actually globular, require an atmosphere five or six thousand miles deep at the very least. The atmosphere may not be so deep as that, or may be very much deeper. Certainly it would at once remove the difficulty last considered if we could suppose the cloud-bearing atmosphere of Jupiter to be thirteen or fourteen thousand miles in depth, for then the solid globe within would not differ very much in mean density from the globe of our earth. But supposing we assume, as the result of the actual telescopic aspect of the cloud-belts, the depth of the atmosphere to be but about two thousand miles, which would be less than the apparently minute diameter of one of the satellites, we should even then find that under the tremendous pressure exerted by Jupiter's attraction the lower strata of such an atmosphere, if composed of any gases known to us, and at the temperature of our own air even in the torrid zones, would be simply compressed into the solid or liquid form. At least they could not continue to obey the laws which perfect gases obey under pressure. As-

suming the pressure at the visible limit of the cloud-envelope to be less than one-thousandth part of the pressure of our air at the sea-level, then fifteen miles below that limit the pressure would be equal to that of air at our sea-level, fifteen miles lower one thousand times as great, fifteen miles lower one million times as great, and fifteen miles lower yet, or still only sixty miles below the visible limits of the cloud-envelope of Jupiter, the pressure would be one thousand million times as great as at our sea-level. The density, if only the gases composing that atmosphere could remain as perfect gases, would be more than a million times greater than the density of water, and thirty or forty thousand times greater than the density of the heaviest known elements. Of course there is no such pressure, no substance exists at that density, sixty miles below the visible limits of Jupiter's atmosphere, nor ten thousand miles lower yet. No gas could remain as such at ordinary temperatures beneath a pressure which would make it as dense even as water; and if strata could and did exist in Jupiter at the higher pressures and densities named, he would weigh many thousand times as much as he actually does. But we are again forced to the belief that, unless his atmosphere is made of substances altogether different from any with which we are acquainted, there must be some power at work to prevent the compression which would otherwise inevitably result from the tremendous attractive energy of Jupiter's mass. That power can be no other than the fierce heat with which his whole frame, his atmosphere (and all but the exterior strata outside the outermost cloud-layers) are instinct.

It appears to me that a fourth argument of very great force can be derived from the cloud-belts in the atmosphere of Jupiter and his brother giant, Saturn.

The existence of well-defined belts is proof positive of the existence of different rates of rotational motion. For instance, we cannot explain our own trade-wind zones, without taking into account the different velocities due to rotation near the equator and in high latitudes, — matter flowing towards the equator lags behind, matter flowing from it travels in advance, and in either case zones are formed. If a similar explanation could be given of the belts of Saturn and Jupiter doubtless they would be accounted for. But where are we to find the varieties of heat in various latitudes of either planet which could account for the multitudinous belts some-

times seen? or how, if the sun's slow action on these remote and large planets were in question, could we account for the rapid formation and dissipation of cloud-belts? The largeness of these planets is a point of importance to the argument, because the larger a planet the less, *ceteris paribus*, is the variation of temperature for any given difference of latitude measured as a distance in miles. If then we cannot look for the required differences of rotational velocity where we find them in our earth's case, it is clear we must turn to difference of rotational velocity on account of difference of distance from the axis, not at places in different latitudes, but in places at different levels. In other words, we must conceive that under the action of the planet's intense heat vaporous disturbances of the nature of uprush and downrush are continually taking place. Matter rushing upwards from low levels to high levels, where the rate of rotation is very much greater, lags behind, while matter rushing downwards is carried in advance, and thus cloud-zones are formed.

A fifth argument is derived from certain considerations depending on the behavior of sun-raised cloud-masses in our own air, both with regard to the progress of the day, and with regard to the progress of the year. We know that speaking generally the clouds change as the day progresses, and that this is specially the case in those regions of the earth where regular zones exist. The sun, in tropical regions, rises in a clear sky and quickly gathers clouds together; these remain till the afternoon, when they become dissipated (usually with violent disturbance, electrical and otherwise), and the sun sets in a clear sky. As seen from Venus or Mercury the cloud-belt would extend across the middle of the earth's disc, but would not reach to the edge, either on the west or sun-rising side, or on the east or sun-setting side. Nothing of the kind is observable in the cloud-belts of Jupiter. Not only do they extend right across (though becoming fainter near the edges because seen through deeper atmosphere), but cloud masses have been known to remain, quite recognizable in contour, during many Jovian days, and even for forty or fifty of our own much longer days. So also with regard to the year. In Jupiter's case, indeed, the effect of annual changes in the arrangement of clouds would not be recognizable, simply because the planet's equator is nearly coincident with the plane of Jupiter's orbit. But in Saturn's case the inclination of the equator is considerable;

so that, as seen from the sun, the equator passes far to the north and far to the south of the centre of the disc, during the summer of the northern and southern hemispheres, respectively. We should expect to find these changes accompanied by corresponding changes in the position of the central zone of clouds. Our terrestrial tropical cloud-zone, being sun-raised, follows the sun, passing north of the equator during our northern summer, until at midsummer it reaches the tropic of Cancer, and passing south of the equator during the southern summer, until at midsummer (December) it reaches the tropic of Capricorn. But instead of the mid-zone of Saturn behaving in this way, it remains always equatorial.

Another (the sixth) argument, and in my opinion an argument altogether irresistible, is derived from the changes which have taken place from time to time in the outline of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, *unless* observations made by most skilful astronomers, and with instruments of considerable power, are to be rejected as unworthy of trust. I refer in particular, first to the observation by Admiral Smyth, Sir R. Maclear, and Professor Peacock, of the reappearance of the second satellite of Jupiter a few minutes after it had apparently made its complete entry upon the planet's disc at the beginning of a transit; and secondly, to the fact that Sir W. and Sir J. Herschel, Sir G. Airy, the Bonds and Coolidge in America, and several of the Greenwich observers, have recognized the occasional assumption by Saturn of what is commonly called his "square-shouldered" aspect. These observations are far too well-authenticated, and were made by observers far too skilful, to be open to doubt or cavil. They cannot possibly be explained except by assuming that the outlines of Jupiter and Saturn are variable to such an extent that the variations appreciably affect the figure of the planets. Such variations, involving differences of level of two or three thousand miles, are utterly incredible, and in point of fact impossible, in the case of planets like our earth. The heat generated by such changes would of itself suffice to melt and in large degree to vaporize the crust for many thousands of square miles around the scene of upheaval or depression, so that we should thus have, but in another way, the heat which my theory indicates. On the other hand, such changes of outline in a planet whose apparent outline is not formed by its real surface, but by cloud-layers thousands of miles above the

real surface, are very easily explained. Nay, they are to be expected (though only as rare phenomena). We know that cloud-belts sometimes form, or are dissipated, rapidly on the face of the disc. Equally, therefore, they must sometimes form or become dissipated rapidly at parts of the planet so placed as to form the apparent outline. There would then be a rapid change of outline, such as must have occurred in the case of the apparent reappearance of Jupiter's second satellite. Slower changes in the cloud-belts would correspond to the changes of shape observed in Saturn's case, and would explain Schröter's observation that at times the outline of Jupiter has seemed to him irregular, as if the planet's surface were partially flattened. Other observations tending in the same direction, as peculiarities in the shape of the shadows of Jupiter's satellites on the planet, in the shape of Saturn's shadows on his rings, and so on, are of less weight perhaps than those already considered, but unless those who recorded them (including some of the most skilful observers known) were entirely deceived, such observations can only be fully explained by the great depth of the cloud-laden atmosphere which surrounds the giant planets.

Lastly, there is the argument derivable from the peculiar brightness of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. These planets might be so hot as to glow with an intense light and heat, yet no part of their light might be discernible, the deep cloud-layers simply cutting it off before it reached the outermost or visible cloud-surface. Or this might happen with all the rays except those which travelled the shortest way through the cloud-layers. In the former case we should perceive some of the inherent light of these planets, in the latter we should only perceive their inherent light in the central parts of the disc, which would therefore look brighter than the parts near the edge. This last is the phenomenon actually observed, but it does not of itself suffice to prove (though rendering it highly probable) that the light from the middle portion of the disc is *in part* inherent. Nevertheless the planet's surface might, as I have already said, be intensely hot, and yet no trace of the inherent light be perceptible by us. That, however, could only happen because of the existence of very deep cloud-layers entirely shrouding the glowing planet, and in this case as the clouds would probably — like our own clouds — have a much higher reflective capacity than rock sur-

faces have, we should expect to find the planets Jupiter and Saturn shining much more brightly, though only by reflected light, than they would if their surface resembled that of our own earth, or Mars, or Jupiter. Now the following table from Zöllner's "*Grundzüge einer allgemeinen Photometrie des Himmels*," gives very interesting evidence on this point: —

Snow just fallen reflects about 783 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light;

White paper reflects about 700 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light;

Jupiter's surface reflects about 624 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light;

Saturn's surface reflects about 498 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light;

Uranus's surface reflects about 640 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light;

Neptune's surface reflects about 465 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light;

whereas

White sandstone reflects only about 237 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light;

Clay marl reflects only about 156 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light;

Mars's surface reflects only about 267 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light;

The moon's surface reflects only about 174 parts of  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of incident light.

We may take Jupiter and Saturn together, and Mars and the moon; getting average reflective power of giant planets : that of small planets :: 561 : 220; or the giant planets, if they owe their light entirely to reflection, have a reflective power more than two and one-half times greater than that of the small bodies, Mars and the moon. As the sea regions of Mars are observably darker than his land regions, it is probable that our earth, if her light could be estimated in the same way (by an observer on Mercury or Venus) would be found to have a smaller average reflective power than Mars, her seas being so much larger.

We are forced by this argument to one of two conclusions — either Jupiter and Saturn shine in part by inherent light, or they are so thoroughly cloud-wrapped as to have a very high reflective power. Either conclusion would agree equally well with the theory I have advocated, though, of course, the former would be much more effective, and would in fact be quite decisive in its favor.

For my own part, I think that the photometric evidence renders it very probable that a slight portion of the light of the planets Jupiter and Saturn is inherent; and I think the color of the equatorial belt of Jupiter and its changes of color corre-

spond with this view. I should be disposed to assign, as the reflective power of Jupiter (his *albedo*, as Zöllner calls it) about five hundred, or more than twice the reflective power of white sandstone, and thus to attribute about one-fifth of Jupiter's light to the planet's inherent lustre. (In Saturn's case Zöllner's observations are much less satisfactory — his measures indeed of the planet's total light were probably even more satisfactory than in Jupiter's case, but it is exceedingly difficult to take properly into account the effect of the ring-system, which, though very much foreshortened when Zöllner made his observations, must nevertheless have appreciably affected his results.) All the known facts accord well with this view.

Certainly the spectroscopic evidence recently obtained by Vogel, or rather the general spectroscopic evidence (for his results are not new) is not opposed, as he seems to imagine, to the theory that the actual surface of Jupiter is intensely hot. His argument is that, because dark lines are seen in the spectrum of Jupiter, which are known to belong to the absorption spectrum of aqueous vapor, the planet's surface cannot be intensely hot. But Jupiter's absorption spectrum belongs to layers of his atmosphere lying far above his surface. We can no more infer — nay, we can far less infer — the actual temperature of Jupiter's surface from the temperature of the layers which produce his absorption spectrum, than a being who approached our earth from without observing the low temperature of the air ten or twelve miles above the sea-level could infer thence the temperature of the earth's surface. There may be, in my opinion there almost always certainly *are*, layers of cloud several thousand miles deep between the surface we see and the real surface of the planet. I do not suppose that the inherent light referred to above as probably received from Jupiter, is light coming directly from his glowing surface, but the glow of cloud masses high above his surface, and illuminated by it, — perhaps even the glow of cloud-layers lit up by lower cloud-layers which themselves even may not receive the direct light emitted by his real surface.

To sum up, it appears to me, that a theory to which we are led by many effective and some apparently irresistible arguments, and against which no known facts appear to afford any argument of force, should replace the ordinary theory, originated in a haphazard way, and in whose favor no single argument of weight has

ever been adduced. Since it appears, (1) that if the accepted theory of the development of our system is true, the large planets must of necessity be far younger, that is hotter, than our earth and other small planets; (2) that if made of similar materials, those planets must of necessity be far denser than they actually are, unless they are very much hotter than the earth; (3) that the atmospheres (judging of their depth from the planet's appearance) would be compressed into solid and very dense matter under the planet's attraction unless exceedingly hot throughout their lower layers; (4) that the belts and their changes imply the uprush and downrush of heated masses of vapor through enormous depths of atmosphere; (5) that the cloud-belts neither change with the progress of the day nor of the year in the large planets, but in a manner in no way referrible to the sun, and are therefore presumably raised by the intense heat of the planet's own substance; (6) that so remarkable are the changes taking place in the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn, as appreciably (even at our enormous distance) to affect the figure of those planets; and (7) that the planets shine with more than two and a half times the brightness they would have if their visible surface were formed of even so lustrous a substance as white sandstone, — I think the conclusion is to all intents and purposes demonstrated that the planets Jupiter and Saturn really are in a state of intense heat. If they ever are to be the abode of life, they will probably not be ready to subserve that purpose for hundreds of millions of years.

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THE GEOGRAPHICAL ASPECT OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

ONE special feature of what is called the Eastern Question is the direct and immediate connection into which it brings the earliest and the latest times of history. In the lands with which the Eastern Question is concerned, the lands between the Hadriatic and the Euxine — perhaps we should rather say the lands between the Hadriatic and the Euphrates — we are brought close to the very earliest times in a different way from anything to which we are used in western Europe. In western Europe earlier times have influenced later times in the ordinary way of cause and effect. In eastern Europe

the relation between the present and the past — even the very remote past — is much closer than this; we may say with truth that the past and the present are in being side by side; we may say that several different centuries are in those lands really contemporary. This last fact in truth presents one of the great political difficulties of the country. In a newly emancipated State, say the kingdom of Greece or any other, some part of its areas, some classes of its people, will really belong to the nineteenth century, while other parts, other classes, will practically belong to the fourteenth or some earlier century. Now a country which has reached, say the level of England in the fourteenth century, if it stands by itself, out of sight, so to speak, of the nineteenth century, may, if it has inborn life and a spirit of progress, develop in a steady and wholesome way from the starting-point of the fourteenth century. But if the land is placed, so to speak, within sight of the nineteenth century; if, while the mass belongs to the fourteenth century, it contains parts or classes which really belong to the nineteenth, the danger is that its development will not take this steady and wholesome course. The danger, like all other dangers, may doubtless be grappled with, and perhaps overcome; but it is a real danger which has its root in the history of those lands. One set of circumstances has caused them to lag behind the civilization of the West. Another set of circumstances has put the civilization of the West in their full view. Now an outward varnish of modern civilization may easily be put on. The Turk himself can do that. To attain the substance of such civilization must be the work of time, of trouble, perhaps of difficulties and struggles. In such a state of things, the temptation to grasp what is easiest, to think more of the outside than of the substance, is great and dangerous. And these dangers and difficulties must always be borne in mind in judging the amount of progress which has been made by any emancipated Eastern people. Their progress is likely to be real and lasting in exactly the proportion by which it is native, and is not a mere imitation of the manners and institutions of other countries. But the temptation to imitate the manners and customs of other countries is in such a case so strong that it must always be borne in mind in passing any judgment on the condition of Greece, Servia, Roumania, or any other State which may arise in those parts. In estimating their

progress, we must, in fairness as well as in charity, bear in mind the special difficulties under which their progress has to be made.

This is a line of thought which might well be carried out at much greater length. But for my present purpose it comes in only incidentally. The hints which I have just thrown out show the way in which what I have ventured to call the co-existence of the present and the past in these lands has worked on their political and social state and prospects. My immediate business in the present paper is different. It is to show another result of the working of the same cause with regard to the land itself and its inhabitants, rather than with regard to the political and social development of its inhabitants. I wish now to speak on some features in the political geography of the country and in the distribution of its inhabitants, and to point out the bearing of those features upon the great questions of the present moment. Here at least questions of this sort cannot be set aside as mere "anti-quarian rubbish." They are the very life of the whole matter.

One main feature of the south-eastern lands is the way in which all the races which have at any time really settled in the country, as distinguished from those which have simply marched through it, still remain side by side. In many cases they remain as distinct as when they first settled there. This is altogether contrary to our general experience in the West. In the West national assimilation has been the rule. That is to say, in any of the great divisions of western Europe, though the land may have been settled and conquered over and over again, yet the mass of the people of the land have been drawn to some one national type. Either some one among the races inhabiting the land has taught the others to put on its likeness, or else a new national type has been formed drawing elements from several of those races. Thus the modern Frenchman may be defined as produced by the union of blood which is mainly Celtic with a speech which is mainly Latin, and with a historical polity which is mainly Teutonic. Within modern France this one national type has so far assimilated all others as to make everything else merely exceptional. The Fleming of one corner, the Bisque of another, even the far more important Breton of a third corner, have all in this way become mere exceptions to the general type of the country. If we pass into our own islands,

we shall find that the same process has been at work. If we look to Great Britain only, we shall find that it has been carried out hardly less thoroughly. For all real political purposes, for everything which concerns a nation in the face of other nations, Great Britain is as thoroughly united as France is. A secession of Scotland or Wales is as unlikely as a secession of Normandy or Languedoc. The part of the island which is not thoroughly assimilated in language, the part which still speaks Welsh or Gaelic, is larger in proportion than the non-French part of modern France. But however much the northern Briton may, in a fit of antiquarian politics, declaim against the Saxon, for all practical political purposes he and the Saxon are one. The distinction between the southern and northern English — for the men of Lothian and Fife must allow me to call them by this last name — is, speaking politically and without ethnological or linguistic precision, much as if France and Aquitaine had been two kingdoms united on equal terms, instead of Aquitaine being merged in France. When we cross into Ireland, we indeed find another state of things, and one which comes nearer to some of the phenomena of the East. Unluckily Ireland is not so firmly united to Great Britain as the different parts of Great Britain are to one another. Still even here the division arises quite as much from geographical and historical causes as from distinctions of race strictly so called. If Ireland had had no wrongs, still two great islands could never have been so thoroughly united as a continuous territory can be. On the other hand, in point of language, the discontented part of the United Kingdom is much less strongly marked off than that fraction of the discontented part which remains non-assimilated. Irish is certainly not the language of Ireland in at all the same degree in which Welsh is the language of Wales. The Saxon has commonly to be denounced in the Saxon tongue.

If we pass further towards the East, we shall find as we go on, that the distinctions of race become more marked, and present nearer approaches to the state of things in the south-eastern lands to which we are passing. We mark by the way that, while the general national unity of the German Empire is greater than that of either France or Great Britain, it has discontented subjects in three corners, on its French, its Danish, and its Polish frontiers. It will be at once answered that the discontent of all three is the result of recent

conquest, in two cases of very recent conquest indeed. But this is one of the very points to be marked; the strong national unity of the German Empire has been largely the result of assimilation; and these three parts, where recent conquest has not yet been followed by assimilation, are chiefly important because, in all three cases, the discontented territory is geographically continuous with a territory of its own speech. This does not prove that assimilation can never take place; but it will undoubtedly make the process longer and harder. But this very distinction will help us better to understand the special character of those parts of the world where no length of time seems to bring about thorough assimilation.

It is when we come into south-eastern Europe, that is, in a large part of the Austro-Hungarian and in the whole of the Ottoman dominions, that we come to those phenomena of geography, race, and language, which stand out in marked contrast with anything to which we are used in western Europe. We may perhaps better understand what those phenomena are, if we suppose a state of things which sounds absurd in the West, but which has its exact parallel in many parts of the East. Let us suppose that in a journey through England we came successively to districts, towns, or villages, where we found one after another, first, Britons speaking Welsh; then Romans speaking Latin; then Saxons or Angles speaking an older form of our own tongue; then Scandinavians speaking Danish; then Normans speaking old French; lastly perhaps a settlement of Flemings, Huguenots, or Palatines, still remaining a distinct people and speaking their own tongue. Or let us suppose a journey through northern France, in which we found at different stages, the original Gaul, the Roman, the Frank, the Saxon of Bayeux, the Dane of Coutance, each remaining a distinct people, all of them keeping the tongues which they first brought with them into the land. Let us suppose further that, in many of these cases, a religious distinction was added to a national distinction. Let us conceive one village Roman Catholic, another Anglican, others Nonconformist of various types, even if we do not call up any remnants of the worshippers of Jupiter or of Woden. All this seems absurd in any Western country, and absurd enough it is. But the absurdity of the West is the living reality of the East. There we may still find all the chief races which have ever occupied the country, still remaining

distinct, still keeping separate tongues, and those for the most part their own original tongues, while in many cases the national distinction is further intensified by a religious distinction. Or rather, till the revival of the strong conscious feeling of nationality in our own times, we might say that the religious distinction had taken the place of the national distinction. This growth of strictly national feeling has, like most other things, a good and a bad side. It has kindled both Greek and Slave into a fresh and vigorous life, such as had been unknown for ages. On the other hand, it has set Greek and Slave to dispute with one another in the face of the common enemy.

In the great Eastern Peninsula then, and in the lands immediately to the north of that peninsula, the original races, those whom we find there at the first beginnings of history, are all there still. They form three distinct nations. There are the Greeks, if not all true Hellènes, yet an aggregate of adopted Hellènes gathered round and assimilated to a true Hellenic kernel. They form an artificial nation, defined by the union of Greek speech and Orthodox faith. This last qualification is not to be left out; the Greek who turns Mussulman ceases altogether to be Greek, and he who turns Catholic remains Greek only in a very imperfect sense.\* Here are the oldest recorded inhabitants of a large part of the land abiding, and abiding in a very different case from the remnants of the Celt and the Iberian in western Europe. The Greeks are no survival of a nation; they are a true and living nation, a nation whose importance to the matter in hand is quite out of its proportion to its extent in mere numbers. They still abide, the predominant race in their own ancient and again independent land, the predominant race in those provinces of the Continental Turkish dominion which formed part of their ancient land, the predominant race through all the shores and islands of the *Ægean* and of part of the *Euxine* also. In near neighborhood to the Greeks still live another race of equal antiquity, the Skipetar or Albanians. These, as I believe is no longer doubted, represent the ancient Illyrians. The exact degree of their ethnical kindred with the Greeks is a scientific question which lies without

the range of practical politics; but the facts that they are more largely intermingled with the Greeks than any of the other neighboring nations, that they show a special power of identifying themselves with the Greeks, a power, so to speak, of becoming Greeks and forming part of the artificial Greek nation, are matters of very practical politics indeed. It must never be forgotten that, among the worthies of the Greek war of independence, some of the noblest were not of Hellenic but Albanian blood. The Christian Albanian thus easily turns into a Greek; and the Mahometan Albanian is something broadly distinguished from a Turk. He has, as he well may have, a strong national feeling, and that national feeling has sometimes got the better of religious divisions. If Albania is among the most backward parts of the peninsula, still it is, by all accounts, the part where there is most hope of men of different religions joining together against the common enemy.

Here then are two ancient races, the Greeks and another race, not indeed so advanced, so important, or so widely spread, but a race which equally keeps a real national being. And I would add, as what is my own belief, though I cannot assert it with the same confidence as in the other two cases, that a third ancient race also survives as a distinct people in the peninsula. These are the Vlachs or Roumans, in whom I am strongly inclined to see the surviving representatives of the great Thracian race. Every one knows that, in the modern principality of Roumania and in the adjoining parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, there is to be seen that phenomenon so unique in the East, a people who not only still keep the Roman name, but who speak neither Greek nor Turkish, neither Slave nor Skipetar, but a dialect of Latin, a tongue akin, not to the tongues of any of their neighbors, but to the tongues of Gaul, Italy, and Spain. The assumption has commonly been that this outlying Romance people owe their Romance character to the Roman colonization of Dacia under Trajan. In this view the modern Roumans would be the descendants of Trajan's colonists and of Dacians who had learned of them to adopt the speech and manners of Rome. But when we remember that Dacia was the first Roman province to be given up—that the modern Roumania was for ages the highway of every barbarian tribe on its way from the East to the West—that the land has been conquered and settled

\* Would Hellenic nationality be affected in the same way either by embracing Protestantism or by giving up all religious profession? Most likely not. To turn either Mussulman or Catholic is to undergo a political as well as a theological change. It is to accept a new master in the caliph or the pope. No such submission as this is involved in either of the other changes.

and forsaken over and over again—it would be passing strange if this should be the one land, and its people the one race, to keep the Latin tongue when it has been forgotten in all the neighboring countries. Add to this that the Roumans are not, and never have been, confined to the modern Roumania—that they are still found, if in some parts only as wandering shepherds, in various parts of the peninsula—that their establishment in Dacia seems to be of comparatively recent date. All this may lead us to look for some other explanation of this most singular and puzzling phenomenon. It has indeed been thought that the modern Rouman is not strictly a Romance language, but rather a language akin to Latin, a trace of primeval kindred between the tongues of the Italian and the Byzantine peninsula. This would be carrying things back very far indeed. Such a belief would indeed be the greatest strengthening of my position as to the abiding character of nations and language in south-eastern Europe. But we need not go back so far as this. It will be quite enough, if we look on the Roumans as Romanized Thracians, as the representatives of the great Thracian race which lived on in the inland parts of the peninsula while the Greeks occupied the coasts. Their lands, Moesia, Thrace specially so called, and Dacia, were added to the empire at various times from Augustus to Trajan. That they should gradually adopt the Latin language is in no sort wonderful. Their position with regard to Rome was exactly the same as that of Gaul and Spain. Where Greek civilization had been firmly established, Latin could nowhere displace it. Wherever Greek civilization was unknown, Latin overcame the barbarian tongue. It would naturally do so in this part of the East exactly as it did in the West. But, though the question of the origin of the Roumans is of deep historical and ethnological interest, the questions which I have just been discussing are of comparatively little moment for my present purpose. In any case, the Roumans represent a people more ancient than the Slavonic settlements. If they really represent the Roman and Romanized inhabitants of Trajan's Dacia, their time of endurance would be somewhat shortened, but the difficulties of their endurance would be increased tenfold.\*

Here then we have in the south-eastern

peninsula three nations which have all lived on at least from the days of the early Roman Empire. Two of them, I am inclined to think all of them, have lived on from the very beginnings of European history. We have nothing answering to this in the West. It needs no proof that the speakers of Celtic and Basque, in Gaul and in Spain, do not hold the same position in western Europe which the Greeks, Albanians, and Roumans do in eastern Europe. In the East the most ancient inhabitants of the land are still there, not as scraps or survivors, not as fragments of nations lingering on in corners, but as nations in the strictest sense, nations whose national being forms an element in every modern and political question. They all have their memories, their grievances, and their hopes; and their memories, their grievances, and their hopes are all of a practical and political kind. Highlanders, Welshmen, Bretons, Basques, have doubtless memories, but they have hardly political grievances or hopes.\* Ireland may have political grievances; it certainly has political hopes; but they are not exactly of the same kind as the grievances or hopes of the Greek, the Albanian, and the Rouman. Let home rule succeed to the extent of setting up an independent king and parliament of Ireland, yet the language and civilization of that king and parliament would still be English. Ireland would form an English State, politically hostile, it may be, to Great Britain, but still an English State. No Greek, Albanian, or Rouman State that can be conceived would be in the same sense a Turkish State.

On these primitive and abiding races came, as on other parts of Europe, the Roman conquest. That conquest planted Latin colonies on the Dalmatian coast, where the Latin tongue still remains in its Italian variety as the speech of literature and city life—it Romanized in any case some part of the earlier inhabitants, be they Thracians or be they Dacians—it had the great political effect of all, that of planting the Roman power in a Greek city, and thereby creating a State, and in the end a nation, which was Roman on one side, and Greek on the other. Then came the wandering of the nations, on which, as regards men of our own race, we need not dwell. The Goths marched at will through

\* I have been set thinking on this question by the second chapter of Jirecek's "Geschichte der Bulgaren," Prag, 1876. On the other side see Zeuss, "Die Deutschen und die Nachbarstämme," 263.

\* I do not pretend to answer for the Spanish Basques, who do seem to have grievances, though their way of trying to redress them may be thought a strange one. But a purely Basque State would surely be inconceivable.

the Eastern Empire; but no Teutonic settlement was ever made within its bounds, no lasting Teutonic settlement was ever made even on its border. The part of the Teuton in the West was played far less perfectly indeed by the Slave in the East. On the points of likeness and unlikeness between the part played by the Teutons in the West and that played by the Slaves in the East, I cannot enlarge here. The great point to be borne in mind is that the Slave in the East does answer, however imperfectly, to the Teuton in the West, that he is there what the Teuton is here, the great representative of what we may call the modern European races, those whose part in history began after the establishment of the Roman power. The differences with which we are here concerned between the position of the two races are chiefly these. The Slave in the East has, as we have seen, pre-Roman races standing alongside of him in a way in which the Teuton has not in the West. He also himself stands alongside of races which have come in since his own coming, in a way which the Teuton in the West is still further from doing. That is to say, besides Greeks, Albanians, and Roumans, he stands alongside of Bulgarians, Magyars, and Turks, who have nothing to answer to them in the West. We might also say that there is nothing in the East exactly answering to the Romance nations in the West. There are no people, Latin or Greek in speech, who have been brought under Slavonic influences in the same way in which the Romance nations have been brought under Teutonic influences. We might say that the Greeks answer to the *Welsh* in both senses of the word, at once to the Celtic and to the Latin-speaking people of western Europe. The causes of all these differences I hope to explain in another shape; we have now to deal only with the differences themselves. The Slave, in the time of his coming, in the nature of his settlement, answers roughly to the Teuton; his position is what that of the Teuton would be, if western Europe had been brought under the power of an alien race at some time later than his own settlement. The Slaves undoubtedly form the greatest element in the population of the Eastern Peninsula, and they once reached more widely still. Taking the Slavonic name in its widest meaning, they occupy all the lands from the Danube and its great tributaries southward to the strictly Greek border. The exceptions are where earlier races remain, Greek or Italian on the coast-line, Alba-

nian in the mountains. The Slaves hold the heart of the peninsula, and they hold more than the peninsula itself. Here comes in a fact which bears very distinctly on the politics of the present moment, the fact that the present frontier of the Austrian and Ottoman empires, a frontier so dear in the eyes of diplomats, is no natural or historical frontier at all, but simply comes of the wars of the last century. The Slave lives equally on both sides of it; indeed, but for the last set of causes which have affected eastern Europe, the Slave might have reached uninterrupted from the Baltic to the *Ægean*.

This last set of causes are those which specially distinguish the histories of eastern and of western Europe, those which have caused the special difficulties of the last five hundred years. In western Europe, though we have had plenty of political conquests, we have had no national migrations since the days of the Teutonic settlements—at least, if we may extend these last so as to take in the Scandinavian settlements in Britain and Gaul. The Teuton has pressed to the East at the expense of the Slave and the Old Prussian: the borders between the Romance and the Teutonic nations in the West have fluctuated; but no third set of nations has come in, strange alike to the Roman and the Teuton and to the whole Aryan family. As the Huns of Attila showed themselves in western Europe as passing ravagers, so did the Magyars at a later day; so did the Ottoman Turks in a day later still, when they besieged Vienna and laid waste the Venetian mainland. But all these Turanian invaders appeared in western Europe simply as passing invaders; in eastern Europe their part has been widely different. Besides the temporary dominion of Avars, Patzinaks, Chazars, Cumans, and a crowd of others, three bodies of more abiding settlers, the Bulgarians, the Magyars, and the Mogul conquerors of Russia, have come in by one path; a fourth, the Ottoman Turks, have come in by another path. Among all these invasions we have one case of thorough assimilation, and only one. The original Finnish Bulgarians, like Western conquerors, have been lost among Slavonic subjects and neighbors; the modern Bulgarian is a Slave bearing the Bulgarian name, as the modern French is a Gaul bearing the Frankish name. The geographical function of the Magyar has been to keep the two great groups of Slavonic nations apart. To his coming, more than to any other cause, we may attribute the great

historical gap which separates the Slave of the Baltic from his southern kinsfolk. The work of the Ottoman Turk we all know. These later settlers remain alongside of the Slave, just as the Slave remains alongside of the earlier settlers. The Slavonized Bulgarians are the only instance of assimilation such as we are used to in the West. All the other races, old and new, from the Albanian to the Ottoman, are still there, each keeping its national being and its national speech. And in one part of the ancient Dacia we must add quite a distinct element, the element of Teutonic occupation in a form unlike any in which we see it in the West, in the shape of the Saxons of Transylvania.

We have thus worked out our point in detail. While in each Western country some one of the various races which have settled in it has, speaking roughly, assimilated the others, in the East all the races that have ever settled in the country still abide side by side. And it is important to remark that this phenomenon is not peculiar to the lands which are now under the Turk; it is shared equally with the lands which form the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. We may for the moment set aside those parts of Germany which are so strangely united with the crowns of Hungary and Dalmatia. In those parts of the monarchy which come within our present survey, the Roman and the Rouman—we may so distinguish the Romance-speaking inhabitants of Dalmatia and the Romance-speaking inhabitants of Transylvania—the Slave of the north and of the south, the Magyar conqueror, the Saxon immigrant, all abide as distinct races. That the Ottoman is not to be added to our list in Hungary, while he is to be added in Bulgaria, is simply because he has been driven out of Hungary, while he is allowed to abide in Bulgaria. No point is more important to insist on now than the fact that the Ottoman once held the greater part of Hungary by exactly the same right, the right of the strongest, as that by which he still holds Bosnia and Bulgaria. It is simply the result of a century of warfare, from Sobieski to Joseph the Second, which has fixed the boundary which to diplomats seems eternal. That boundary has advanced and gone back over and over again. As Buda once was Turkish, Belgrade has more than once been Austrian. In the old days of Austrian intolerance, the persecuted Protestant of Hungary deemed the yoke of the sultan less heavy

than that of the emperor-king. In days of better rule in the Hungarian kingdom, the Servian rayah welcomed the emperor-king as his deliverer from the sultan. The whole of these lands, from the Carpathian Mountains southward, present the same characteristic of permanence and distinctness among the several races which occupy them. The several races may lie, here in large continuous masses, there in small detached settlements; but there they all are in their distinctness. It would be hard to trace out in these lands a State of the same scale as any of the great States of western Europe which should consist of one race, language, or religion. The point to be specially borne in mind is that this characteristic belongs equally to the Austrian and to the Turkish empire, and that the frontier which divides the two is a purely artificial one, the result of several fluctuations during the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Now this lasting and distinct character of races in these lands leads to a geographical feature which is quite unlike anything to which we are now used in western Europe, but which was familiar enough in ancient times. We may say that, till the establishment of the Roman Empire, it was the rule in the lands round the Mediterranean that the seaboard and the inland part of a country should be held by distinct nations. First Phœnician, then Greek colonies spread themselves over the greater part of the Mediterranean, Ægean, and Euxine coasts. But they nowhere went very far inland. Thus the group of Greek cities of which Massalia was the head were scattered along the Mediterranean coast of Gaul and northern Spain; but in the interior of the country they had no influence beyond a purely commercial one. The land was Celtic or Iberian, with a Greek fringe on the coast. The Roman power put an end to this state of things as far as political dominion was concerned. Throughout the empire, the seacoast and the interior, whatever were the race and speech of their inhabitants, were alike Roman in allegiance. But with the great Slavonic movement of the sixth and seventh centuries the older state of things revived in south-eastern Europe, and it has, to a great extent, remained to our day. The seacoast and the interior of the land have again parted company. A map of Europe in the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, carefully marking the dominions of the eastern emperors, brings out this

fact in a wonderful way.\* Like the colonies of Old Greece at an earlier day, like the dominions of Venice at a later day, the dominions of the Eastern Cæsar were cut down to a system of islands, peninsulas, strips of coast, maritime possessions scattered here and there over a large part of Europe. From the coming of the Slaves till the overthrow of the Bulgarian kingdom at the beginning of the eleventh century, there was no great continuous Imperial territory anywhere but in Asia Minor. Things had come back to the days before Roman dominion. The Greek, as for this purpose we may call him, again occupies the Ægæan, Hadriatic, and Euxine coasts. His rule reaches from Venice to Cherson and Trebzon. But the inland part of the wide land between the Hadriatic and the Euxine is again alien, in his eyes barbarian. From the Danube to Olympos — for a while from the Danube to Peloponnēsos — the inland parts are Slavonic or Bulgarian, while the coast remains Greek or, in the northern part of the Hadriatic, Italian — in either case, Imperial. And this state of things in a manner abides still. The disposition of races remains much the same; the only difference is the political one, that Constantinople in Ottoman hands exercises a power over the inland regions which it did not exercise in Byzantine hands. Now as then, along a vast range of country, the coast is mainly Greek; the inland regions are mainly Slave. And in one corner, the older state of things is still more completely brought before our eyes; the coast and the interior are separated, not only by race, but by political allegiance. There is no more instructive lesson in history than that which is taught us by the revolutions of the narrow strip of Dalmatian coast, and of the vast mainland to the back of it. For a few centuries, Illyria was one of the most prominent and flourishing parts of the world, renowned above all things as the land which gave the world its rulers. It was so, because, for those few centuries only, the coast and the interior were not divided. Before the establishment of the Roman dominion, Illyria counted for a barbarous and backward land, hard indeed for conquerors to subdue, but where civilization was confined to a few Greek cities on its coasts and islands. Under the Roman peace, the body and its natural mouths were brought together. Ja-

dera flourished; Pietas Julii flourished; Salona was one of the great cities of the earth; and from Salona came forth Diocletian. But Diocletian was only the greatest of a long line of Illyrian princes before and after him. The border-land of East and West might worthily claim to supply East and West alike with its rulers. With the Slavonic immigrations all this ceased; the body was again cut off from the mouths and the mouths from the body. The interior became barbarian; civilization was again shut up in the coast cities which still clave to the empire. Salona fell, and Spalato rose in its place; but, in the changed state of things, Spalato could not be what Salona had been. Tossed to and fro between various masters, Byzantine, Venetian, Hungarian, French, and Austrian, the Dalmatian cities have ever since been cut off from the land behind them. Ragusa, independent within living memory, was, from her very independence, yet more isolated than the rest. We all say, and we say truly, that Montenegro must have a haven. We feel it by simply looking at the map; but we feel it tenfold more keenly when we look down from the Black Mountain itself on Cattaro and her mouths — the *Bocche*, the city and haven of which the men of the Black Mountain were so shamefully robbed — on the narrow rim of land which fences in the *Bocche*, and on the wide Hadriatic beyond. We feel pent up in prison without an outlet. But what is true of Montenegro is true of the whole land; the body is still everywhere cut off from the mouth and the mouth from the body. Those lands will hardly send forth another Aurelian, another Diocletian, another Constantine, as long as two parts of them which is essential to the prosperity of each of the other are thus unnaturally kept asunder.

Here then we come to some of the great difficulties which surround what is called the Eastern Question, difficulties of the present which, like most difficulties of the present, are an inheritance of the events handed on from the past. When the Turk is gone, “bag and baggage” — that is, of course, the gang of official oppressors, not the Mahometan population whom no one wishes to injure, and who may in truth be counted among the victims of the official Turk — when the Turk in this sense is gone, there will still be other difficulties to grapple with, difficulties which were in full force before he came. There will still be that separation between the coast and the interior, which exists more or less every-

\* Some of the maps of the Eastern Empire in the new edition of Spruner-Menke bring this out more clearly than any other which I have yet seen.

where, and which reaches its height in the political separation between the Illyrian coast and the Illyrian mainland. There will still be the difficulty of drawing any frontier which will satisfy the conflicting claims of Greek and Bulgarian. There will still be the difficulty of saying what should be the position of the New Rome herself. But one axiom may be laid down: the New Rome must ever be the New Rome; she must be the head of something, be it empire or federation. Eternal as she is in a far truer sense than the elder Rome, she cannot be the subject, she cannot even be the equal, of any other city, or of any other power. But of what is she to be the head? I need hardly speak my own mind — of a federation, if federation is to be had; of an empire, if federation is not to be had. And the latest experiences of European polity have taught us that federation and empire are not incompatible. The States which already exist, any States which may hereafter be formed, must, whatever be the nature of the tie, still look to Constantinople as the head of all. There are moments in Byzantine history when we are inclined to curse the foundation of the New Rome, and to look on it simply as an hindrance to the national growth of Bulgaria or Servia. But the Imperial city is there, and the Imperial city she must ever be. Shallow indeed are the thoughts, vain are the fears, of those who profess to look for a day when Constantinople shall be a Russian possession. The Russian of our own day may win her, as the Russian of a thousand years back strove to win her; but, if he wins her, he will cease to be Russian. A prince of the house of Romanoff may sit on the Byzantine throne, as a prince of the house of Hohenzollern or of Coburg may sit upon it. But Constantinople can never be a dependency of St. Petersburg, any more than it can be a dependency of Berlin or of London. Alarmists may shriek, sentimental dreamers may chatter; but nature and history are too strong for them.

Constantinople must then be the heart of whatever it has to be, empire or federation or federal empire, which takes the place of the rule of alien intruders and oppressors. But am I, is any one, called on to try to draw out in detail any scheme for the future? In this matter we are placed on the horns of a cruel dilemma. Frederick the Second was first excommunicated for not going on the crusade, and when he did go he was excommunicated again for going. The like hard fate falls on him who ventures to say anything about

the affairs of eastern Europe. If he points out evils and does not propose remedies, he is unpractical and "irresponsible." If he does propose remedies, he is still unpractical and "irresponsible," and he is speculative and dreamy to boot. What is practical or unpractical is a question which often admits of two answers. It is often a practical course to take an inch when we cannot get an ell. To leave the sultan at Constantinople, and to free as large a part as may be of the land which he oppresses from his direct rule, would be a great and practical gain. But such a settlement would be in its own nature temporary. What it does for some provinces will have at some future day to be done for others. Still to take even one step in advance is a gain, and we may be glad to take that one step, if we are not able to take two. But nothing which is in its own nature temporary is practical in the higher sense. The practical view, practical in the higher sense, goes much further. It is not pent up within the geographical bounds of the Ottoman Empire. It takes in all south-eastern Europe, all the lands which share the special characteristics of south-eastern Europe. It takes in the Slaves and the Roumans who are subjects of the Austrian, as well as the Slaves and the Roumans who are subjects or vassals of the Turk. I will not draw out schemes; but I will recall certain memories. In the days of the treaty of Passarowitz, when the Turkish frontier went largely back, men dreamed that the two crowns of East and West might again be united on the brow of Charles the Sixth. The successes of the Imperial arms had been so great since the Ottoman had besieged Vienna that the advance of a Western emperor to Constantinople hardly seemed a dream. But for Charles the Sixth to have become Eastern emperor, he must have ceased to be Western emperor and German king, perhaps even to be Austrian archduke. The same man could no more reign at once at Constantinople and at Vienna than he could reign at Constantinople and at St. Petersburg. By the peace of Belgrade the Turkish frontier again advanced; in the days of Joseph the Second it again fell back. The same dreams were again cherished then. And, at least as a momentary thought, the same dreams could hardly fail to arise again in the autumn of 1875. It should not be forgotten that the stirring of the Slavonic mind which followed on the visit of Francis Joseph to his Dalmatian realm had not a little to do with all the events which have followed. In

that autumn Austria was playing the part of a good neighbor to Bosnia and Herzegovina; patriots were not yet "interned," nor was open sympathy anywhere expressed for the cause of the barbarian. The thought could not fail to arise that the lord of so many Slavonic lands, the king of Slavonia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, to say nothing of Bohemia, Galicia, and Lodomeria, might put himself at the head of the Slavonic movement, even that he might possibly exchange his sham Imperial crown for a real one. The wild outburst of Magyar fury has checked all this. Can it be that an ethnical kindred of the most remote and shadowy kind is really a practical element in the case? Can it be that the strange comedy which was lately played at Constantinople, the fraternization of Turk and Magyar, really had a serious meaning? Certain it is that Magyar hatred towards the Slave, the natural hatred of the oppressor towards the oppressed, a hatred which shows itself even to Slavonic refugees fleeing from their Turkish destroyers, is one great difficulty of the moment. But it cannot remain a difficulty forever. Millions of men of European blood will not endure that a handful of alien intruders, ostentatiously proclaiming themselves as alien intruders, shall forever hinder the natural settlement of south-eastern Europe. The reunion of Austria, Tyrol, and Salzburg with the German body may not suit the immediate German policy of the moment; there are obvious reasons why it does not. But it must come sooner or later. The separation of those lands from Germany, their union with Hungary, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the rest, is too unnatural to be abiding. The separation of the Slaves within the Austro-Hungarian monarchy from the Slaves to the south of them is also too unnatural to be abiding. A Byzantine empire, a Byzantine confederation, whenever it is fully and finally formed, must reach a good deal further to the north than the artificial limit of 1739. If the Turk stands in the way of a just settlement at one end, his agglutinative ally at Pesth stands in the way at the other. He is a great difficulty, but surely not a difficulty that can last forever. It is a strange thought that, if the Apostolic Stephen, well nigh nine hundred years back, had got his Christianity from the New Rome instead of from the Old, one great hindrance to a just settlement of south-eastern Europe would in all likelihood not have stood in our way.

From The Examiner.

### GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### INTRODUCTORY.

You may be sure there was a stir among our women-folk when they heard that a young man had come courting the earl's daughter. We have amongst us—or over us, rather—a miniature major-domo of a woman, a mere wisp of a thing, who has nevertheless an awful majesty of demeanor, and the large and innocent eyes of a child, and a wit as nimble and elusive as a minnow; and no sooner is this matter mentioned than she says,—

"O the poor child! And she has no mother."

"That," it is observed by a person who has learned wisdom, and does not talk above his breath in his own house, "that is a defect in her character which her future husband will no doubt condone."

She takes no heed. The large and tender eyes are distant and troubled. She has become a seer, a prophetess of evil things in the days to come.

"Think of the child!" she says to our gentle visitor—who was once being courted herself, but is now a brisk young matron blushing with the honors of a couple of bairns—"think of her being all alone there, with scarcely a woman friend in the world. She has no one to warn her—no one to guide her—"

"But why," says our young matron, with mild wonder, "why should she want warning? Is it such a terrible thing to get married?"

Common sense does not touch the inspired.

"The getting married? No. It is the awakening after. How can she tell—how can she know—that this young man, if he really means to marry her, is at the present moment courting her deadliest rival? Whom has she to fear in the future so much as her old idealized self? He is building up a vision, a phantom, no more like that poor girl than I am like her; and then, when he finds out the real woman after marriage, his heart will go back to the old creation of his own fancy, and he will wonder how she could have changed so much, and grieve over his disappointment. Yes, you may laugh"—this is a sudden onslaught on another meek listener—"but every woman knows what I

say is true. And is it our fault that men won't see us as we are until it is too late? We have to bear the blame, at all events. It is always the woman. Once upon a time—and it only happens once—she was a beautiful, angelic creature; she was filled with noble aspirations; wisdom shone in her face; I suppose the earth was scarcely good enough for her to walk on. Then she marries; and her husband discovers—slowly and surely—not his own blunder, but that his imaginary heroine has changed into an ordinary woman, who has an occasional headache like other people, and must spend a good deal of her life in thinking about shops and dinners. He tries to hide his dismay; he is very polite to her; but how can she fail to see that he is in love, not with herself at all, but with that old ideal of his own creation, and that he bitterly regrets in secret the destruction of his hopes? That is no laughing matter. People talk about great tragedies. The fierce passions are splendid because there is noise and stamping about them. But if a man stabs a woman, and puts her out of the world, is she not at peace? And if a man puts a bullet through his head, there is an end of his trouble. But I will tell you my belief, that all the battles and wars that ever were in the world have not caused the fifteenth part of the misery and tragic suffering that has been caused by this very thing you are laughing at—those false ideals formed before marriage. You may laugh if you like."

Indeed, we were not disposed to laugh. She was really in earnest. She had spoken rapidly, with something of an indignant thrill in her voice, and a proud and pathetic look in her dark eyes. We had, after all, a certain fondness for this gentle orator; and it was difficult to resist the eager pleading of her impassioned words, when, as now, her heart was full of what she was saying.

Or was it the beautiful May morning, and the sunlight shining on the white hawthorn and the lilacs, and the sleepy shadow of the cedar on the lawn, and the clear singing of the larks far away in the blue, that led us to listen so placidly to the voice of the charmer? A newcomer broke the spell. A heavy-footed cob came trotting up to the verandah; his rider, a tall young man with a brown beard, leaped down on the gravel and called aloud in his stormy way,—

"Donnerwetter! It is as warm to-day, it is as warm as July. Why do you all sit here? Come! Shall we make it a

holiday? Shall we drive to Guilford?—Weybridge?—Chertsey?—Esher?"

The two women were sneaking off by themselves, perhaps because they wished to have a further talk about poor Lady Sylvia and her awful fate; perhaps because they were anxious, like all women, to leave holiday arrangements in other hands, in order to have the right of subsequently grumbling over them.

"Stay!" cries one of us, who has been released from the spell. "There is another word to be said on that subject. You are not going to ride rough-shod over us, and then sneak out at the back door before we have recovered from the fright. This, then, is your contention—that a vast number of women are enduring misery because their husbands have become disillusioned, and cannot conceal the fact? And that is the fault of the husbands. They construct an ideal woman; marry a real one; and live miserable ever after, because they can't have that imaginative toy of their brain. Now, don't you think, if this were true—if this wretchedness were so widespread—it would cure itself? Have mankind gone on blundering for ages, because of the non-arrival of a certain awful and mysterious Surrey prophetess? Why haven't women formed a universal association for the destruction of lovers' dreams?"

"I tell you, you may laugh as you like," is the calm reply, "but what I say is true; and every married woman will tell you it is true. Why don't women cure it? If it comes to that, women are as foolish as men. The girl makes her lover a hero; she wakes up after marriage to find him only a husband, and the highest hope of her life falls dead."

"Then we are all disappointed, and all miserable. That is your conclusion!"

"Not all," is the answer, and there is a slight change of tone audible here, a slight smile visible on her lips. "There are many whose imagination never went the length of constructing any ideal, except that of a moor covered with grouse. There are others who have educated themselves into a useful indifferentism or cynicism. Unfortunately it is the nobler natures that suffer most."

"Well, this is a tolerably lively prospect for every girl who thinks of getting married. Pray, Frau Philosophin, have you been constructing all these fiddlestick theories out of your own head, or have you been making a special study of Sylvia Blythe?"

"I know Lady Sylvia better than most

people. She is a very earnest girl. She has ideals, convictions, aspirations—a whole stock-in-trade of things that a good many girls seem to get on very well without. If that poor girl is disappointed in her marriage, it will kill her."

"Disappointed in her marriage!" calls out the young man who has been standing patiently with the bridle of his cob in his hand. "Why do you think that already? No, no. It is the girl herself—she lives in that solitary place, and imagines mere foolish things—it is she herself has put that into your mind. Disappointed! No, no. There is not any good reason—there is not any good sense in that. This young fellow Balfour, every one speaks well of him; he will have a great name some day; he is a busy, a very active man. I hear of him in many places."

"I wish he was dead!" says my lady; and curiously enough, at this moment her eyes fill with tears, and she turns and walks proudly away, accompanied by her faithful friend.

The young man turns in amazement.

"What have I done? Am I not right? There is nothing bad that Balfour has done?"

"There is plenty bad in what he means to do, if it is true he is going to carry off Lady Sylvia Blythe. But when you, Herr Lieutenant, gave him that fine certificate of character, I suppose you know that people don't quite agree about Mr. Hugh Balfour? I suppose you don't know that a good many folks regard him as a bullying, overbearing, and portentously serious Scotchman, a little too eager to tread on one's corns, and not very particular as to the means he uses for his own advancement? Is it very creditable, for example, that he should be merely a warming-pan for young Glynne in that wretched little Irish borough? Is it decent that he should apparently take a pride in insulting the deputations that come to him? A member of Parliament is supposed to pay some respect to the people who elected him?"

Here the brown-visaged young man burst into a roar of laughter.

"It is splendid—it is the best joke I have known. They insult him; why should he not turn round and say to them, 'Do you go to the devil!' He is quite right. I admire him. *Sacrament!*—I would do that too."

So much for a morning gossip over the affairs of two people who were not much more than strangers to us. We had but

little notion then that we were all to become more intimately related, our lives being for a space intertwined by the cunning hands of circumstance. The subject, however, did not at all depart from the mind of our sovereign lady and ruler. We could see that her eyes were troubled. When it was proposed to her that she should make a party to drive somewhere or other, she begged that it might be made up without her. We half suspected whether she meant to drive.

Some hour or two after that you might have seen a pair of ponies, not much bigger than mice, being slowly driven along a dusty lane that skirted a great park. The driver was a lady, and she was alone. She did not seem to pay much heed to the beautiful spring foliage of the limes and elms, to the blossoms of the chestnuts, nor yet to the bluebells and primroses visible on the other side of the grey palings, where the young rabbits were scurrying into the holes in the banks.

There was a smart pattering of hoofs behind her; and presently she was overtaken by a young gentleman of some fourteen years or so, who took off his tall hat with much ceremony, and politely bade her good morning.

"Good morning, Mr. John," said she, in return. "Do you know if Lady Sylvia is at home?"

"I should think she was," said the boy, as he got down from his horse, and led it by the side of the pony-chaise, that he might the better continue the conversation. "I should think she was. My uncle's gone to town. Look here; I've been over to the Fox and Hounds for a bottle of champagne. Sha'n't we have some fun? You'll stay to lunch, of course?"

In fact, there was a bottle wrapped round with brown paper under his arm.

"Oh, Mr. John, how could you do that? You know your cousin will be very angry."

"Not a bit," said he, confidently. "Old Syllabus is a rattling good sort of girl. She'll declare I might have had champagne at the hall—which isn't true, for my noble uncle is an uncommonly sharp sort of chap, and I believe he takes the key of the wine-celllar with him—and then she'll settle down to it. She's rather serious, you know; and would like to come the maternal over you; but she has got just as good a notion of fun as most girls. You needn't be afraid about *that*. Old Syllabus and I are first-rate friends; we get on

capitally together. You see, I don't try to spoon her, as many a fellow would do in my place."

"That is very sensible of you—very considerate."

The innocence of those eyes of hers! If that brat of a schoolboy, who was assuming the airs of a man, could have analyzed the tender, ingenuous, lamb-like look which was directed towards him—if he could have seen through those perfectly sweet and approving eyes, and discovered the fiendish laughter and sarcasm behind—he would have learnt more of the nature of women than he was likely to learn in any half-dozen years of his idiotic existence. But how was he to know? He chattered on more freely than ever. He had a firm conviction that he was impressing this simple country person with his knowledge of the world and of human nature. She had been but once to Oxford. He had never even seen the place; but then as he was going there some day, he was justified in speaking of the colleges as if they were all on their knees before him, imploring him to accept a fellowship. And then he came back to his cousin Sylvia.

"It's an awful shame," said he, "to shut up the poor girl in that place. She'll never know anything of the world: she thinks there's nothing more important than cowslips and daisies. I don't suppose my uncle is overburdened with money—in fact, I believe he must be rather hard up—but I never heard of an earl yet who couldn't get a town house somehow, if he wanted to. Why doesn't he get another mortgage on this tumble-down old estate of his, and go and live comfortably in Bruton Street, and show poor old Syllabus something of what's really going on in the world? Why, she hasn't even been presented. She has got no more notion of a London season than a dairymaid. And yet I think if you took her into the Park she would hold her own there: what do you think?"

"I think you would not get many girls in the park more beautiful than Lady Sylvia," is the innocent answer.

"And this old place! What's the good of it? The whole estate is going to wreck and ruin because my uncle won't have the rabbits killed down, and he won't spend any money on the farm-buildings. And that old bailiff, Moggs, is the biggest fool I ever saw: the whole place is overrun with couch-grass. I am glad my uncle gave him one for himself the other day. Moggs was grumbling about the rabbits.

'Moggs,' said my uncle, 'you let my rabbits alone, and I shall say nothing about your couch.' But it's an awful shame. And he'll never get her married if he keeps her buried down here."

"But is there any necessity that your cousin should marry?"

"I can tell you it is becoming more and more difficult every year," said this experienced and thoughtful observer, "to get girls married. The men don't seem to see it somehow, unless the girl has a lot of money and good looks as well. Last year I believe it was something awful; you could see at the end of the season how the mothers were beginning to pull long faces when they thought of having to start off for Baden-Baden with a whole lot of unsalable articles on hand."

"Yes, that is a serious responsibility," is the grave answer. "But then, you know, there needs be no hurry about getting your cousin married. She is young. I think if you wait you will find at the right moment the beautiful prince come riding out of the wood to carry her off, just as happens in the story-books."

"Well, you know," said this chattering boy with a smile, "people have begun to talk already. There is that big boor of a Scotch fellow—what's his name? Balfour—has been down here a good many times lately; and, of course, gossips jump at conclusions. But that is a little too ridiculous. I don't think you will catch old Syllabus, with all her crotchetts, marrying a man in the rum and sugar line. Or is it calico and opium?"

"But I thought he had never had anything to do with the firm? And I thought it was one of the most famous merchant houses in the world?"

"Well, I don't suppose he smears his hands with treacle and wears an apron—but—but it is too ridiculous. I have no doubt when my uncle has got all he wants out of him, he won't trouble Willowby again. Of course, I haven't mentioned the matter to old Syllabus. That would be no use. If it were true, she would not confess it: girls always tell lies about such things."

"There you have acted wisely; I would not mention such idle rumors to her, if I were you. Shall I take the bottle from you?"

"If you would," said he. "And I shall ride now; for we have little time to spare, and I want you to see old Syllabus's face when I produce the champagne at lunch."

So the lad got on his horse again, and the cavalcade moved forward at a brisk

trot. It was a beautiful country through which they were passing, densely wooded here and there, and here and there showing long stretches of heathy common with patches of black firs standing clear against the sky. And the bright May sunlight was shining through the young green foliage of the beeches and elms ; the air was sweet with the scent of hawthorn and lilac ; now and again they heard the deep "joung, joung" of a nightingale from out of a grove of young larches and spruce.

By-and-by they came to a plain little lodge, and passed through the gates, and drove along an avenue of tall elms and branching chestnuts. There was a glimmer of a grey house through the trees. Then they swept round by a spacious lawn, and drew up in front of the wide-open door ; while Mr. John, leaping down from his horse, rang loudly at the bell. Yet there seemed to be nobody about this deserted house.

It was a long, low, rambling building of grey stone, with no architectural pretensions whatsoever. It had some pillars here and there, and a lion or two, to distinguish it from a county jail or an asylum : otherwise there was nothing about it to catch the eye.

But the beauty of Lady Sylvia's home lay not in the plain grey building, but in the far-reaching park, now yellowed all over with buttercups, and studded here and there with noble elms. And on the northern side this high-lying park sloped suddenly down to a long lake, where there was a boat-house and a punt or two for pushing through the reeds and water-lilies along the shore ; while beyond that again was a great stretch of cultivated country, lying warm and silent in the summer light. The house was strangely still ; there was no sign of life about it. There was no animal of any kind in the park. There was no sound but the singing of birds in the trees, and the call of the cuckoo, soft, and muffled, and remote. The very winds seemed to die down as they neared the place ; there was scarcely a rustle in the trees. It was here, then, that the Lady Sylvia had grown up ; it was here that she now lived, and walked, and dreamed, in the secrecy and silence of the still woodland ways.

From Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.  
THE MISTLETOE.

THIS plant seems to produce a premature aging of the whole tree on which it grows, and the particular branch which supports it soon gets withered and dead. This becomes an economical question in cider-orchards. To a tenant the growth of mistletoe on his trees is an advantage, as he gets the benefit of age in producing a larger crop of smaller and sweeter apples, more suitable for cider-making. To the owner this is a short-sighted policy, as it causes the premature aging and decay of his trees, and the same quality of fruit can be produced by skilful pruning. The plant is diæcious, having somewhat conspicuous flowers, the male ones possessing a strong honey-like odor. Hence it is evident that it must be fertilized by insects. As the berries are almost invariably formed, this fertilization must be frequent. In many books it is said to be indebted to a moth for the performance of this office, but the species (if only one) is not mentioned. In a paper in the *Gardener's Chronicle* it is said that bees are attracted by the smell of the male flowers in its season. Lubbock, in his excellent little book on British wild-flowers in their relations to insects, does not mention the mistletoe at all. The anthers have their faces curiously punctated, and are attached to the perianth ; I have seen no mention of honey-glands, nor have I ever been able to examine the flowers, so cannot say if the honey is accessible or not. If the plant is dependent on one species only for its fertilization, that species must be a frequent one, and have a large range. I have not heard of its being the larval food of any insect, nor of any species of aphis dependent on it. The plant seems to be indebted to birds for all its natural propagation. The berries are said to be greedily eaten by many birds, and the seeds to pass through the stomach without digestion. Many writers of the eighteenth century disputed this fact. One says that birds would not eat what they could not digest ; and if they did so, the seeds let fall in their dung upon the trees would always grow upon the upper side, whereas we find the mistletoe at all inclinations with the bough. Relating to this idea and to the use of the berries in making birdlime, is a Latin proverb, occurring in several forms, one of which is as follows : "Tardus sibi malum cacat." I must leave its translation to your readers. One author says of the mistletoe,

"And this is the nature of it: unless it be mortified, altered, and digested in the stomach and belly of birds it will never grow." The earliest name I have been able to find for the mistletoe is the Celtic *guid*, meaning "the shrub," *par excellence*. The present French name, *gui*, is evidently a direct descendant of this. In Hooker & Arnott's "British Flora" the Greek name for this plant, written variously, *iks*, *ikos*, and *ikisia*, is derived directly from the Celtic *guid*, though perhaps the derivation is somewhat strained. It is probable that the words are related in some way, but we must trace each back to its antecedents before the connection becomes self-evident. The forms of the Greek name *ikos* in the Æolian dialect are *biskos* and *fiskos*; and this last at once brings out the relation between the Greek and the Latin names *viscus* and *viscum*, and with the modern Italian *vischio*, the Portuguese *visgo*, and the Spanish *hisca*, which are evidently lineal descendants from the same. Here, however, the chain stops, and we take up in *gui*, the French name, a link much closer to the Celtic *guid*. Further north we are introduced to a name which seems to have no relation to the southern name. The German, Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish name for it is *mistl* or *mistle*; the Anglo-Saxon is *mystello* or *mystellan*; and the English mistel, mistletoe, mistletoe, misleto, misletoe, miseltoe, misselfelo, misselfo, misselfo, misleden, misselden, misseldine, and missendine, of which the form mistleto seems to be most generally adopted in modern time. Other names for this curious shrub, the relations of which I am quite unable to trace, are the Spanish *liga*, Russian *omeia*, Polish *jerniel*, and the Dutch *marentakken*. The Italians are said also, from "its extraordinary virtues, too many to enumerate," to call it *iignum sancta crucis*, the wood of the holy cross. The mistletoe of the fir and larch was distinguished in Greek by the name *stelis*, which was also adopted in the Latin. The word *viscus*, if it can, as seems probable, be traced up to and past the Celtic *guid*, a shrub, must have got its evident connection with viscosity from its application to this shrub; so that the general derivation of the name from *viscid*, or sticky, is an anachronism. It is easy to understand how the word *viscum*, from meaning originally the shrub, should come to mean sticky and glutinous, from one of the most obvious peculiarities of the shrub.

From Sunday at Home.  
BE WHAT YOU ARE.

MANY years ago, when lucifer matches were yet unknown, and the tinder-box, with its flint and steel, formed the only domestic instrument for obtaining a light, a little old man used to walk about in one of the suburbs of London holding in his hand a fan-shaped bunch of matches, made, as usual, in those days, of splinters of resinous pine wood tipped with brimstone. He never offered his goods, except by a silent gesture, nor did he make them an excuse for asking charity as many others were in the habit of doing. The good-natured servant girls who saw him pass their windows would run up from the area with a smile and a halfpenny, and call out, "Master, some timber;" but they never spoke of matches. "Timber, madam?" the old man would say; "yes, madam;" and with a grave face and a courteous bow would take their money and supply their want. It was reported that the old gentleman had seen better days; perhaps he had at some former time dealt in pine logs, and carried on business on a large scale: now he called himself a "small timber merchant," and if any one addressed him as the "matchman," or asked him for a half-pennyworth of brimstones, he would take no notice of the speaker, but turn away in disgust, as if it were impossible for him to have any dealings with such a customer. Of course the poor old man was crazy, and those who knew him humored and pitied him. But how many people are there in these days crazy after the same fashion, without being aware of it themselves or suspected of it by their neighbors! How common it is for men, and women too, to represent themselves as something greater or of more importance than they really are! The small tradesman carrying on business in some by-lane calls himself a merchant, his shop an emporium, his back kitchen a warehouse, and his cellar a depot; the bricklayer or carpenter is a contractor; the hairdresser is a professor; the wig-maker is an artist in hair; and the milkman, a purveyor; while the dressmaker presides over the mysteries of her art in a *magasin des modes*. The same spirit shows itself here and there among all classes. In answer to an advertisement for a hospital-matron a "lady-superior" offers herself; and if a mistress is wanted for an infant-school, applications are made, not always grammatically expressed, for the post of "governess." A father brings

his daughter to the house of a lady who has been inquiring for a housemaid. She wears an imitation fur jacket, imitation gold earrings, and an imitation chignon, or plait, made of cotton or hemp by some new patent process of this imitation age, with a curious bunch of gauze, feathers, ribbons, grapes, and flowers, hung on behind by way of a bonnet; her hands are encased in lavender-colored kid gloves, and she carries a light parasol in her hand, though the day is overcast, and an umbrella would be much more to the purpose. She makes an imitation bow when the mistress of the house enters the room; and her father, who is proud of her appearance and manners, introduces her with the appropriate words, "This is the young lady, ma'am, as is open to an engagement for your situation." The owner of the house, who has no intention of resigning her situation, but only wants a housemaid, declines the application. There are pretensions of a worse kind than this. A well-educated youth, for instance, leaves school and is placed in an office or under articles, with a view to his future profession. His fellow-clerks or fellow-students appear to him by their costumes and conversation to be "great swells."

He does not wish to be thought inferior to them, and very soon learns to imitate their style and adopt their manners. He hears them talking largely of their parentage, of their exploits and their extravagances; and he wishes to be thought as rich, as gay, and as reckless as the best (or worst) of them. If they smoke, he must do the same; if they drink, he will drink with them; if they behave like heathens and talk disgracefully and vilely, he affects to admire their conduct and to enjoy their conversation. All this may at first be very much against his better instincts, but he fears to be ridiculed; and, in a word, would rather be accepted for what he is not, and ought not to be, than be esteemed for what he is. Every kind of pretence is bad: to pretend to be better than we are, is hypocrisy; to pretend to be greater than we are, is vanity and folly; but to pretend to be worse than we are, for the sake of winning favor with those whose favor is not worth having, is at once the worst and silliest pretence of all. Whatever a man's position or calling may be, if it be a thing to be ashamed of, let him abandon it; but if it be not wrong or disgraceful in itself, let him never be ashamed of it.

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REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT VILLAGE IN OXFORD.—A discovery of a most remarkable nature has been made during the last few days in the course of preparing the ground for the new University Schools in High Street, Oxford. The site chosen for the schools was occupied by the Angel Hotel, and lies between High Street, Merton Street, University College, and King Street, embracing an area of about two acres. The excavations have now been made to a depth of about fifteen feet, and the earth having been cleared away has left standing a number of mounds of gravel, which, on closer examination, are seen to be the walls which divided circular pits. In some cases the wall is not more than six inches thick, while in others the division is of greater thickness, but all the spaces are of the same shape, namely, circular, although they differ in size. One very perfect specimen, situated on the west side, is of a remarkable character. It is much larger than the others, and being on the extreme edge of the site only one-half

has been exposed. The appearance presented is that of a semicircular excavation in the gravel, the base of the semicircle being formed by the earth and foundations of the adjoining building. This large pit has adjoining it a much smaller one, which probably served as the entrance, and at the point of junction between the two there is a bench or narrow platform. In two of the pits have been found concrete floors (these being the only two that have been at present carefully examined) of such tenacity that it was possible to remove the half of one of them without fracture. At the bottom of another were found some pieces of decayed wood. In removing the rubbish and earth several objects of great interest have been found, including a portion of a Runic cross, a Saxon knife and arrow-head, etc., and also a very large number of bones, principally of domestic animals. The discovery has caused considerable interest in university circles.